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DECEMBER 29, 1

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NUCLEAR WARNING

NATIONAL REVIEW

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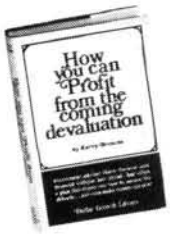

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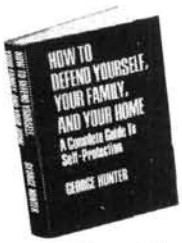

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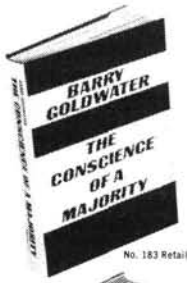

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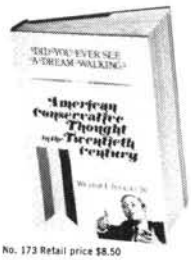

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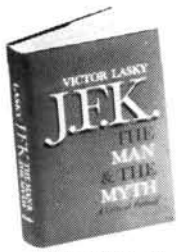

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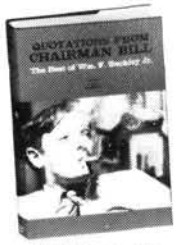

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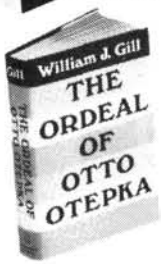

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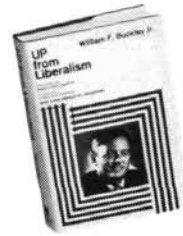

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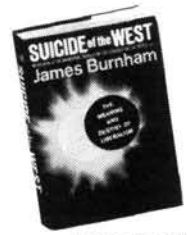

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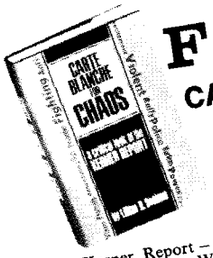

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1382 The Week

ARTICLES

1393 Ted Heath's New Year *by Anthony Lejeune*

Great Heavens, they're saying Over There, the P.M. really *means* it. He's going to cut government spending, cut welfare benefits, cut income taxes. Good show, says our man in London.

1395 It Says Here . . . *by Aloïse Buckley Heath*

Again this season, we make spirits bright by reprinting another of the late Mrs. Heath's Christmas classics. Just put Tab A in Slot B, and give them all checks next year.

1397 Mr. Nixon's Christmas Dream *by W. H. von Dreele*

1398 Thoughts on Helsinki *by Lewis L. Strauss*

The sometime Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission looks at the SALT talks.

1399 Letter from Saigon *by Philip A. McCombs*

How goes it in Vietnam? The computers tell it one way; it looks rather different to the men in the field. Mr. McCombs was there, as a *Stars and Stripes* correspondent; he is out of uniform now, reporting the news for the *Washington Post*.

1403 The Open Question *by Harry V. Jaffa*

1404 "Free Them Now!" *by David Brudnoy*

Mr. Brudnoy, a veteran of several Peace Now/Hate America rallies on old Boston Common, reports a new wrinkle.

1405 Christmas at Sixty Below *by Patricia S. Coyne*

Yes, sixty below, and with John out looking for a tree, and the furnace broken, and the baby coming down with influenza.

1406 Letter from Paris *by Alice-Leone Moats*

The Confession, a movie about a purge in Communist Czechoslovakia from the folks who gave us *Z*, just opened in New York and created a minor bustle. The bustle in Paris last spring was enormous, says Mrs. Moats; the Communists just *hated* the film.

DEPARTMENTS

1391 Letter from Washington *by Cato*

1392 The Protracted Conflict *by James Burnham*

1407 Principles and Heresies *by Frank S. Meyer*

1408 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*

1420 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

1378 For the Record **1380** Letters **1422** Trans-O-Gram

BOOKS—ARTS—MANNERS

Robert Nisbet, distinguished American sociologist and former Dean and Vice Chancellor of UCal, Riverside, delights in a new book on the campus revolt by the equally distinguished Nathan Glazer ☐ Remember, remember, remember what the Soviets have done—are doing—to Russian literature, cries Guy Davenport as he reviews the newest exhibit ☐ Back to the poor old campus, as C. H. Simonds reviews John Coyne's firsthand account, *The Kumquat Statement* (which Spiro Agnew is giving for Christmas this year) ☐ J. Gordon Tullock, an occasional contributor to *NR*, offers new evidence in favor of decentralization; J. Bernard Burnham reviews ☐ The buff's buff, Neil McCaffrey, finds dixieland alive and thriving.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ . . . and a very unmerry Christmas to the fifteen Democratic congressmen who voted against the House resolution honoring the Sontay commandos. They include, from New York: Reps. **Bingham**, **Chisholm**, **Rosenthal**, **Ryan** and **Scheuer**, plus lame ducks **Ottinger** and **Lowenstein**; from California, Reps. **Brown**, **Burton** and **Legett**; and five others: **Clay** (Mo.), **Conyers** (Mich.), **Harrington** (Mass.), **Kastenmeier** (Wis.) and **Stokes** (Ohio). . . . Rep. **Louis Wyman** (R., N.H.) hopes to make it an unhappy New Year for Justice **William O. Douglas**. He's not satisfied with **Celler** committee finding that there are insufficient grounds to start impeachment proceedings against Douglas. Wyman says he'll introduce a resolution on first day of new Congress to set up a special committee to look into the matter.

■ . . . and a sad Christmas for Berliners. Despite **Willy Brandt**'s *Ostpolitik*, East German authorities (as of this writing) have refused to grant Christmas passes for West Berliners to visit their families in East Berlin. . . . Nearly a thousand Chilean Jews arrived in Israel this month; most were professional people afraid that, despite his promises, President **Salvador Allende** would prevent their departure as **Castro** has prevented the departure of Cuban doctors, lawyers and engineers. Many, according to a Haifa news report, say they "closed the doors of their homes, parked their cars and boarded the ship with whatever they were able to carry with them." . . . Czech Party leader **Gustav Husak** reports that in 1970, 67,000 Czechs were expelled from the Party and 260,000 had their membership canceled (whatever the difference). Most purgees have found it hard to get any but menial jobs.

■ Sen. **Muskie** may get what he wants most in the New Year—a seat on the Foreign Relations Committee. **Edward Kennedy**, who is next in line for it, apparently is ready to pass it up and Muskie's aides think it important that he be prepared with a foreign policy before '72. . . . Muskie now has sixteen executives and eleven clerks working on his Presidential campaign in a non-Capitol Hill office; and he's planning on expanding that staff. . . . Associates of **Eugene McCarthy**, who leaves the Senate this year, say he's talking about entering the primaries starting with New Hampshire, in 1972—whether as a Democrat or an Independent is not clear. . . . Some cheers and a few boos from Maryland conservatives at State Senator **Bob Bauman**'s move to run for **Rogers Morton**'s seat. Bauman, a former national chairman of YAF, was just elected to the State Senate in November. . . . Conservatives in the House have a boomlet going for Rep. **Samuel Devine** (Ohio) to replace Rep. **John Anderson** (Ill.) as chairman of the House Republican Conference. Anderson has moved left since getting the Number Three spot.

Jon, London *Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"The only member of the staff who doesn't drink can't drive."

■ In an interview in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, **Eldridge Cleaver** says that **H. Rap Brown** is "alive and carrying out revolutionary activities inside the United States." Brown has not been seen since May 4 when he didn't turn up for a date in court in Maryland. . . . Along with Cleaver and **Timothy Leary** in exile in Algeria are several other Black Panthers who hijacked planes to Cuba a year or more ago and the 44 Brazilian political prisoners who were released in exchange for a kidnaped diplomat in Brazil earlier this year. . . . Rep. **Richard Ichord**, Chairman of the House Internal Security Committee, is outraged at the conduct of Negro minister **Phillip Lawson** of Kansas City. Lawson went to North Vietnam last summer and prepared broadcasts directed at black GIs, urging them to "join the [Communist] Vietnam forces for independence, freedom and justice." . . . The Dec. 1 "For the Record" reported: "**Nader**'s Center for the Study of Responsive Law wasn't all that responsive about its 1969 income tax, so the Feds are after Ralph." It transpires that the Center *was* responsive, that it *did* file and that consequently the Feds are *not* after Nader.

■ And, for our friends on the Left a couple of **Xmas Gift Offerings**. From the *Guardian*: for two bucks only, highly recommended as a Holiday gift by "AC/DC" columnist Redeye: *The Art of Revolution*, 96 Cuban posters (48 in color) chosen especially for you by **Susan Sontag**. . . . And from the Kremlin, compliments of **K&B**, the latest approved revolutionary slogan: "People of Europe, come out more actively for making Europe a continent of lasting peace and peaceful cooperation of states! Be vigilant against the machinations of reaction and revanchism, enemies of détente!" . . . And to all a happy New Year.

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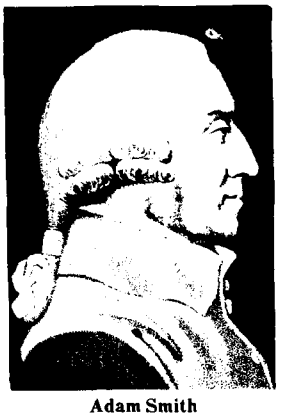

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LETTERS

Happy Anniversary!

The anniversary issue was magnificent. It raised more questions than it answered, but oh! what beautiful questions! Especially James Burnham's. The discussion of them would advance the rate of civilization by hundreds of years.

Fairview Park, Ohio TONI KANN

In my capacity as a vastly cynical college conservative I have had the constant and ongoing conviction that, in almost any field, things are going from bad to worse in America. The hopeful outlook of *NR* has had little long-term effect on me. But after the seemingly crushing setback of November 3 (JLB notwithstanding) we find the Fifteenth Anniversary issue. You have really outdone yourselves, it is absolutely the best *NR* ever. It has me so wound up I feel like maybe there is some small chance after all . . . How cruel of you to dash my dismal outlook in one press run!

Washington, D.C. MIKE COLLIGAN

I don't write you people very often, but I had to take this opportunity to tell you how much I appreciated the symposium, "After Liberalism, What?"

The discussions in this special section provide some welcome navigational beacons after about three years of the foggy rhetoric I've been getting from the social "scientists" in Montana. The frank admissions in the symposium, by both the conservative and liberal writers, that we must return to rational consideration of our problems soothed my troubled spirit.

Helena, Mont. WARD A. SHANAHAN

Not So Happy . . .

I can take Charles Frankel, but when you publish the likes of Eugene Genovese, that's where I get off. Why didn't you mention his remark that started the ruckus in New Jersey: "As a Marxist, I welcome the impending victory of the Vietcong"? Sure, he didn't peddle his Marxism in his article for you—but by dismissing the young radicals so blithely, he lulled a few more Americans to sleep in a time of danger.

Boston, Mass. OTTO P. MOON

James Burnham's "Notes on Authority, Morality, Power" [Dec. 1] is full of false dualities, arrogant assumptions of divine rightness, anachronistic royalisms. Civilization is not like an artifact that must be preserved in pristine beauty; it is like a tree that must take nourishment from diverse elements of air, earth, fire and water. It seems that *NR* is pervaded by a tendency toward cultural bonsai—trimming back roots that would sustain eminence.

Let it be said that not all conservatives fear "the enemies of the permanent things." The six-millennium recorded history of mankind has seen changes enough to fill libraries to overflowing. What permanent things can be defined from all this in such a way that the enemies of the definitions should be feared?

Tucson, Ariz. PETER R. VOKAC

More on Libya

The national defense aspects of your November 17 issue are timely and of unusual interest, giving further evidence that NATIONAL REVIEW is the outstanding publication in the geopolitical-military field, worldwide. There are indeed more apparently erudite writings, but few that can stand a test of logic by anyone having access over a period of many years to classified material.

General I. D. White, U.S. Army (Ret.), and myself, as co-authors of *Alternative to Armageddon* [see "Books Arts Manners," Aug. 25], have concluded that our book, Charles Benson's article, "A Strategic Alternative," and Hanson Baldwin's *Strategy for Tomorrow* set some sort of a record for independent, parallel and coincident thought.

Benson's reasoning for a pre-emptive strike for repossession of Mediterranean bases is clearly strategically sound. However, such an alternative is politically and tactically unfeasible unless America first attains a public-supported global lightning-war capability plus the specially trained leadership mandated by the probable nature of future emergencies. It is a time for a Patton or Rommel, not for Green Berets.

WESLEY W. YALE

Pebble Beach, Calif. Colonel, USA (Ret.)

Charles Benson's article is the most inhumane and ill-considered thing I have ever read. When the author asks "should we ditch Israel?" he is implying that Israel is ours to retain or give up. That is what the Arabs have been saying all along. That makes us responsible for a million or more people living in refugee camps, for twenty years of misery.

He would conquer a country whose crime is that they like the Russian attitude toward the Arabs better than the American. Do right and wrong mean nothing? Does he think the American youth who are protesting our decreasing engagement in Southeast Asia would support an unprovoked attack on an African country? The U.S. might regain some world confidence if she withdrew all military aid to any Mideastern country and demanded that Russia do the same. Money spent on arms might be spent more humanely and more wisely on giving the refugees a new start in life.

White Plains, N.Y. EMMA RUTHERFORD

What does Mr. Benson think our response should be were Russia to use the same plan first—in Costa Rica?

Anaheim, Calif. PHIL RASCH

Confounding the Ungodly

Some years ago, in correspondence, a gentleman prominent in the "peace" movement made one point on which I had to agree he was absolutely correct. I pass the lesson on to you, since the Dec. 1 *NR* (e.g., the editorial "Peking Duck") contains the same mistake in your own ordinarily impeccable prose. The fact is, words such as "escapee" and "attendee" should never be used in their vulgar senses. The ending "-ee" strictly means that the subject is acted on, not acting. Thus, in a jailbreak, the convicts getting away are escapers, the jailers are escapees. If a person has fleas, they are his attenders, he is their attendee.

I need not point out to you the importance of conserving precision in language. But I might say that, on occasion, the deft interjection of this particular point in debate can be useful in confounding the ungodly, including those in the "peace" movement.

Orinda, Calif. POUL ANDERSON

Carey's Defense . . .

I am dismayed that *NR* would see fit to publish the Witonski non-review of the Kendall-Carey *Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition* [Nov. 3].

Witonski devotes fully half of his allotted space to his impressions of Willmoore Kendall's style, personality, and intellectual interests. . . . When he finally does get around to dealing with the substance of the book it becomes increasingly evident that he has not taken the time to read it. I quote: "The American political tradition belongs to the latter type [that of traditions 'creative' in origin], and *its sanction, as Kendall notes, was Lockean in origin. The 'truths' that the founders accepted as being 'self-evident' were Locke's truths:* that man could 'correspond with the general harmony of Nature,' and thus, by using reason (*natural* reason), bring Nature and his own institutions (both political and nonpolitical) together in perfect harmony." (Emphasis added.) This statement of Willmoore's position cannot even be characterized as a gross

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distortion. *The fact is, as anyone who has even taken the time to read the first chapter of the book knows, our thesis is precisely the opposite.* To document this fully would require a reproduction of the entire book. One very appropriate quote should suffice to illustrate my contention. When speaking specifically about the Declaration of Independence (p. 83), we write: "Clearly, as our comments and analysis indicate, we do not, as so many are wont to do, have to recur to the John Lockes or the *philosophes* of the so-called Age of Enlightenment to explain the purposes, symbolization and language of the document. In fact, to do so, we maintain, cannot but help to lead to endless confusion and a basic misunderstanding of the basic symbols of the American political tradition." And this statement is, I repeat, merely reflective of the position we maintain throughout the book.

One further point in this connection. Our finest scholars in political theory do not picture Locke's self-evident truths in the same terms as Witonski. Far from it. If Witonski chooses to read all things good into Locke, contrary to what our best scholarship tells us (e.g., Strauss, Goldwin, Cox and Kendall) that is his business. However, he has no business implicating Willmoore (or me, for that matter) in his nonsense.

Finally, Kendall is accused of harping "on the various contradictions within the tradition." This is not true. There are no contradictions, so far as we can tell, off of our basic documents. The contradictions, and we make this clear, are introduced by those who interpret our tradition according to the presumed tenets of Lockean theory (the very theory, so it seems, to which Witonski is addicted). So interpreted, contradictions in our tradition abound; contradictions which cannot be resolved. Eric Voegelin's writings (Professor Voegelin, contrary to Witonski's intimation, is an eminent contemporary who has had an enormous impact in the United States) opened our eyes to these contradictions. If Witonski had pointed this out, his review would have had some merit.

GEORGE W. CAREY
Professor of Government
Washington, D.C. Georgetown University

. . . Witonski's Reply

I read Mr. Carey's letter with interest and, alas, bemusement. Like all disciples he clearly dislikes having his mentor criticized —even when the criticism is mingled with a good deal of praise and respect. But Mr. Carey does not simply dislike criticism; he seems to be under the naïve impression that the late Professor Kendall's singularly perverse interpretation of the American political tradition (and political theory in general) must be taken as gospel. I trust I have helped to disabuse Mr. Carey on this point at least. I worship at the altar of nobody, least of all Professor Kendall.

Since Mr. Carey does not seem to have read my review, and since I have only a short space for my reply, I will simply repeat the fundamental criticism I made in the first place. To begin with, Kendall is surprisingly ahistorical for one who is writing a work that is at least partially historical in scope; and, as a result, his response to the documents he has selected for examination is exceedingly personal, in a word, *relativistic*. His tacit rejection of what Henry Adams once dubbed the "germ theory" of American political institutions (e.g., the significance of Locke and other European thinkers upon our Founding Fathers) is both wrong-headed and unsophisticated. And, finally, he and Carey are not only out of the mainstream of contemporary political science, but they have failed to avail themselves of the latest scholarship in their chosen area of study.

P. P. WITONSKI
St. Louis, Mo. Washington University

Caesar and the New Left

Frank S. Meyer's brilliant exposé of the degenerate contemporary youth culture and New Leftism ["Counterculture or Anticulture?," Nov. 3] calls to mind the impassioned, sincere, but tragically misguided remonstrances of Cato and his die-hard late-republican compatriots who opposed with such vehemence the culturally debilitating influence of the Epicurean hedonists and democrats of their era. Their tragedy was that they nostalgically clung to a republic unworthy of such noble defenders even in the face of a culturally revitalizing Caesar whom they were unable or unwilling to distinguish from the internal enemies of the state.

Western civilization today is undergoing a similar period of cultural deterioration and rebirth. We now lack that idealism that characterized our culture before it was bludgeoned to death by nineteenth-century rationalism and materialism. Thus, the newly spiritualized youth recoil from a society that merely invokes the clichés of a past idealism in order to mask its materialistic decadence, and, in so doing, are diverted into those distorted forms of youth culture which Mr. Meyer rightly condemns.

Mr. Meyer and that political wing he represents are to be lauded for their courageous and often lonely stand against abject nihilism. One hopes, though, that when the time comes for what is now the Left to denounce its demagogues, this present breed of Catos will not blindly stand in opposition to the new cultural force. One fears, however, the decision shall be rendered on the fields of some future Philippi.

Lewisburg, Pa. THOMAS YANNIOS

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THE WEEK

■ Poland announced a meat shortage (as well as price increases on food, fuel and clothes) at about the same time it signed a treaty with West Germany under which almost 100,000 ethnic Germans will be "allowed to emigrate" (read "escape"). If you can't feed 'em, free 'em.

■ A new welfare residency law has been proposed by the Senate Finance Committee to replace the state residency requirements overturned by the Supreme Court last year. It provides that a welfare recipient who moves from one state to another cannot collect welfare benefits from the new state until one year has gone by; however, during that period, he will be entitled to continue collecting benefits from the state he has left. Regardless of whether the welfare normally paid by the state to which he moved was lower or higher than that paid by the state which he left, he would for one year receive the lower of the two benefits. If this becomes law, it will obviously be tested in the courts, but inasmuch as it does not suspend welfare for migrants altogether, who knows, the Supreme Legislators might let it stand.

■ The rhetoric is by now familiar: "The election strategy of Nixon-Agnew to ride a torrent of prejudice and racism to victory in a passion-torn country was defeated ignominiously. . . . [The President] united and strengthened his opponents by conducting one of the nation's most degraded campaigns. . . . Even more unexpected was the victory in California of Wilson Riles, a black man, over Max Rafferty—the national symbol of irrational reaction. The Nixon-Agnew incitement to prejudice was at its most intense but the electorate rejected the appeal to unreason. . . . As the smoke of battle lifts it is clear that the men of ruthless reaction suffered a stunning rebuke." This diatribe emanates from the Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy, on behalf of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. It is accompanied by an envelope for contributions, on one flap of which are several blanks for names and addresses, headed: "I suggest that you send your appeal to the following persons without mentioning my name." By all means without mentioning your name, lest the nightriders stop at your door the next time they set out.

■ Practical politics, let's face it, the Soviet Union is good at. They get what they want and they don't, especially, give a damn, a fact which gentlemen of the Coast Guard should take special note of. On December 11, the Soviet Union and the U.S. signed the Simas Kudirka Memorial Fishing Agreement on fishing rights off the Middle Atlantic States. On the same day the Soviet Union canceled the Bolshoi Theater's plans to have its ballet and opera companies visit the U.S. next spring. The Soviet action was taken, said our friends, because American officials had not taken the necessary measures to stop "Zionist extremists" from harassing Soviet personnel in the U.S. The Zionists' activities are, presumably, unrelated in any way to the treatment accorded to Jews in the Soviet Union. Which treatment, presumably, is unrelated in any way to the treatment given Simas Kudirka, the Lithuanian sailor who, by his leap for freedom, so selfishly jeopardized an agreement which, senators and American fishing interests have complained, benefits the Soviets more than the U.S.

■ Life, said Oscar Wilde, is an imitation of Art. And there go the Greek colonels, behaving as if they were trying out for parts in *Z*. In a decree published last week, that will please no one except Andreas Papandreou, the government made even foreign journalists subject to a bizarre new law providing stiff punishments for publishing news stories the government considers "false," and that tend to cause anxiety or despondency among the citizens, shake confidence in the Greek currency, the armed forces, or tourism, or disturb Greece's international relations. The author of that law must be smoking pot. (That last sentence, written in Athens, would have gained us a year in jail and a fine of $3,333.)

■ Professor Bernard L. Bonniwell of Villanova University has been appointed Honorary Chairman of the National Committee for Simple Solutions. Action of the judges was unanimous, after Prof. Bonniwell's appearance before the Subcommittee on Postal Operations of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, which is Looking Into obscenity and pornography. Prof. Bonniwell advocated the setting up of "national educational monitoring centers" staffed by elected, uh, monitors, to evaluate, and order changes in, books, magazines, films, broadcasts, advertisements, everything. The monitors would be guided in their work by "professional public-opinion polls" taken to determine what "the majority" considers acceptable. Their first act would be to declare that the Constitution is wholly lacking in redeeming social importance.

■ Major surgery having removed the egg from his face, Leonard Bernstein is back. Now he's talking (or, as he puts it, "rapping") with Our Kids, whom he is With, all the way: " 'So O.K.,' you say, 'thanks a lot: we've learned about progress and democracy and international brotherhood and racial equality and the elimination of the class struggle. You told us there could never be political prisoners again after the defeat of Nazism—so what's new in Greece and Nigeria and Russia—and Chicago for that matter?' Well, you're absolutely right. Thank God you're impatient, because impatience is a certain signal of hope. . . . There's still hope for everything; even patriotism can be rescued from the flagwavers and bigots. It's true that we have to work faster and harder if we're to take our next social step before the overkill stops us dead in our tracks:

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but if anybody can do it, faster and harder and better, it's you, the best generation in history." Let's see, now—in order to rescue the political prisoners in Chicago from the flagwavers we gotta take a social step (the fox-trot?) before the bigots overkill us, so let's have another party at Bernstein's place. Bombs optional.

■ Our correspondent at Princeton reports on the counter-revolution there. "In the course of last spring's charivari over the Cambodian invasion, Princeton abolished ROTC. On December 9, the Undergraduate Assembly voted to bring it back. A coalition of moderates and conservatives overwhelmed the combined opposition (led by the deans) to affirm the undergraduates' desire for an extra-curricular ROTC program. The measure still needs the approval of the faculty-dominated University Council and of the military, but anyway it's nice to see some Tigers still know how to take care of the jackals." Now let's see if those professors who like to lecture the President on being responsive to the needs of students will get the message.

■ *Meaningful Questions We Hope We'll Never Be Asked:* "Is God dead?" was the question that made us shudder through the Sixties. And now here comes Betty Friedan, predicting that the Seventies counterpart will be: "Is God He?"

■ The *Spectator* reports that, in reaction to all the recent hijackings, the Swiss now have the following sign posted prominently in their airports: "WARNING. YOU ARE NOW ENTERING A MILITARILY GUARDED AREA. WHEN CALLED 'HALT' STOP RUNNING AND FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE MILITARY GUARDS. THE TROOPS ARE ORDERED TO SHOOT IF THE FIRST WARNING TO STOP IS IGNORED."

Nixonology: Centrism

During the 1968 Nixon campaign, the watchword was "centrism," the term chosen to designate the precise mix of campaign themes which would enlist the support of the center of the electorate, a center which could be broadened out to constitute a majority. "Centrist" does not mean "neither liberal nor conservative" on the major issues. It means that the various policies advanced, as a package—some perhaps liberal, others conservative, some neither—should "vector out" in such a way as to exert the desired appeal: Supreme Court appointments, welfare legislation, anticrime legislation, policy in the Middle East and in Vietnam, the racial issues. Centrism is clearly the Nixon strategy in Presidential campaigns; you can expect the strategy to emerge as the 1972 campaign begins to gather speed; and it was clearly in view during the past fortnight:

(1) For the liberals. The over-all moderate tone of the President's press conference, Nixon striving to appear as no longer so specifically a "party man." The last-ditch effort to save the Family Assistance Plan (almost certain to fail).

(2) The nonideological candor of the man who has not, could not have, "brought us together" (a locution dear to liberals, since it implies no dissent from *their* tendency): "Divisions in this country are never going to end. There's always going to be a generation gap and there's always going to be differences between the races and the religions."

(3) On the economic issue, clearly, the Administration feels vulnerable. Therefore, as signaled both in the press conference and in Nixon's address to the NAM, the rhetoric will change, there will be some "jawboning," but the substance of economic policy will remain the same. Historically, no inflation has ever been checked without unemployment; indeed, the level of unemployment at the present time is relatively low, as Nixon observed. Nevertheless, Nixon, burned by recession in 1960, does not intend to run during any sort of recession in 1972. The Administration cannot, however, move to stimulate economic growth very drastically at the present time. To do so would incur the risk of further inflation two years hence.

(4) On the racial front, benign neglect. No federal moves to scatter low income—translate, Negro—housing through the suburbs. George Romney subject to Hickelization.

(5) Charles Yost at the UN a political casualty. His relative "even-handedness" as between Arabs and Israelis earned him powerful enemies, and he lacked the charisma and the political clout to fight back. George Bush suffers from neither disability as his replacement.

(6) December 15 saw what may be an historic swing on the Supreme Court, Nixon-appointee Harry A. Blackmun casting the key vote in a 5-4 decision toughening the Court's line on a criminal's rights. The 1968 campaign pledge of strengthening the "peace" forces as against the "criminal" forces beginning to be fulfilled.

Applied Economics I

Sometimes when we are discouraged we get to thinking that Democrats and Republicans maybe *are* as much alike as the Tweedle Twins, but then something will come along to remind us what a great difference a small principle can make. Consider, for current example, the mode of response to the unpalatable economic conjuncture of inflation and unemployment. With the Democratic opposition screaming from the sidelines for "wage-price freezes" and other "emergency measures," the President has declined to join in hysterics. His calm manner and careful moves deserve more applause than they have been getting. Let us take as example the recent increases in the price of crude oil—a commodity of the first importance in our economy—and contrast the Nixon way of handling it with the Democratic way.

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Someone else might have shouted out, "irresponsible defiance of the public interest" to a hastily called press conference; in quickly leaked private conversations he would refer to the businessmen involved as "sons of bitches"; his Cabinet officers would telephone dire threats all over the country; he would order emergency wage-price legislation drafted at once, launch the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission on well-publicized investigations of "possible violations of antitrust laws," and cause the FBI to wake up reporters at 3 A.M. to try to get incriminating evidence on the price-raising offenders. At any rate, that was John F. Kennedy's response to an announced increase in the basic price of steel.

Richard Nixon, confronting the same sort of problem in the price rise announced for oil, chose a calm approach based on simple economics rather than the frenzied use of demagogic rhetoric and raw political power. He simply began removing inherited government restrictions that hold down the domestic supply of oil—calculating, correctly, that the increased supply will put downward pressure on the price. As a starter, he relaxed import quotas on imported crude and lifted production restrictions on off-shore oil. President Kennedy's admirers have made much of the education in economics he received from the professors assembled on his Council of Economic Advisors, but the evidence of these two very similar incidents shows clearly enough who demonstrated the better understanding of economic realities.

Nixon's market-oriented moves to halt the inflationary spiral are direct contraries of the coercive, inequitable and administratively hopeless measures advocated by the always-talking liberal professors and their politician-pupils. Instead of erecting still more mechanisms of government intervention into the economy, the President and his aides seek to gain their objectives by dismantling some of the existing barriers to free-market processes. And Arthur Burns, the President's chief economics mentor, has in a recent address presented a list of further steps along the same line, ranging from liberalized depreciation allowances to—unbelievable as the mere mention of it by a public official may seem, modification of the minimum wage laws. *NR* does not like the fashionable term, "incomes policy," but if such steps are to be called an "incomes policy," as the press termed them after Mr. Burns' speech, we are ready to settle for them.

Here Come the Rangers

It's good to know that a President *can* keep something secret sometimes. There was not a public word or rumor beforehand of the appointment of Texas' ex-Governor John B. Connally, Democrat, to succeed David Kennedy as Secretary of the Treasury—Number Two post in the Cabinet's ranking. When the announcement came, everybody shouted at once that politics, not sober economics, had dictated the move, and proceeded to enthusiastic or dismayed speculation on just what the political aims may

New York *Post*

"Now, when you get to this city you turn right and come up at the auditorium."

have been. We won't, certainly, dispute the political stress —what high Presidential appointment was ever entirely nonpolitical?—and will agree that gossiping about the political meaning is fun. At the same time, we note that this rearrangement seems to make administrative sense.

The outgoing David Kennedy, former head of the Midwest's largest bank, is an able, experienced and respected banker; but inert politically. He was not very good at handling the complex, touchy and all-important relations between the Treasury and Congress, or even between the Treasury and the other economic and monetary agencies of the government. He was not a forceful head of delegation for big-scale conferences, national and international. His re-assignment now, as a Cabinet-level ambassador-at-large acting mostly on the international monetary front, will put his talents and his reputation to their best use in the quieter, more technical monetary conferences and negotiations that are going on more or less continuously. The very forceful new Secretary will be at hand for culminating political phases. This strengthening of our highest echelon in international monetary affairs comes at a time when it looks like difficult weather ahead for the dollar.

There is no necessity that the Secretary of Treasury should be a professional in banking or finance. As a matter of fact, most of the Treasury's important opera-

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"Now, when you get here you turn left and come up at the innuendo shovel and bucket shop which is right next to the touché pile-driver plant."

tions nowadays are so highly technical that only specialized experts can understand them. Moreover, there are currently, in the other three principal government posts dealing with the economy and finance, unusually qualified professionals: Paul McCracken, George Schulz and Arthur Burns. Connally should do much better than Kennedy with a Democratic Congress. His delicate task of coordinating Treasury policy with the policy of the formally independent Federal Reserve Board may be eased by the fact that an old Texas friend, William Sherrill, is one of the governors, appointed by Lyndon Johnson.

This sort of thing, of course, is dull compared to the politics. Does this guarantee Texas for Nixon in '72? Does it mean there has been some sort of deal between Nixon and the Lyndon Johnson wing of the Democrats that might bring a Democratic defection in the manner of the Republican defection in the Goldwater campaign, if the Democrats nominate a left-liberal? Could Evans and Novak even be right in saying that some people see in it the possibility of a dump-Agnew-for-Connally move? One political interpretation seems undeniable: that the Connally appointment confirms the symbolism of the San Clemente White House, and the home in Key Biscayne, Florida, in showing that Nixon sees his future, his party's and his country's, as moving out from the Northeast, to the South, Southwest and West.

Heath's Coherent Design

People are just beginning to realize that the recent election determined more than whether England would be led by a man with a pipe or a man with a boat—so remarked Prime Minister Edward Heath recently to a friend of NATIONAL REVIEW who had been conferring with him at some length. (Enjoying this remark, the same friend repeated it to President Nixon, who recalled that some people had considered the Charles Evans Hughes-Woodrow Wilson election in 1916 as merely a choice between a man with a beard and a man without a beard.)

Heath has indeed proved to be more than a man with a boat. An unspectacular, somewhat grey figure—he is said to blue-pencil any eloquent passages in his speeches—he has nevertheless begun to move deliberately and intelligently. A month ago he stunned his Labor opposition and their supporters in the media by reversing the entire direction of England's postwar economic policy. Not more collectivism, but less was the meaning of his budgetary message (see Anthony Lejeune, p. 1393). In their substance his economic proposals have much merit, but in the larger point they make to the public they may have still more. The introduction of the principle that the consumer ought to pay for social services, for prescriptions, even for museum visits, cannot fail to have a desirable educational effect: These things, in fact, are not free and never can be.

Last week, Heath became the first Prime Minister within living memory to say no to a union and make it stick, emerging as the clear winner in the government's confrontation with the electrical workers. Demanding inflationary wage increases of 30 to 35 per cent, they threatened to strike. Heath's reply was, in effect: Strike and be damned. The week-long slowdown and resulting power shortage so outraged public opinion that by the end of the week the union's chief negotiator required police protection. Finally, under the pressure of public opinion, the union conceded defeat and unconditionally called off the slowdown. Even though the electrical workers will probably gain pay raises in the neighborhood of 10 per cent, the confrontation was a major political victory for Heath.

The behavior of the electrical workers' union has also, as an additional dividend, greatly increased public support for Heath's Industrial Relations Bill, a long overdue package of measures designed to correct the anarchic state of labor relations in England. Among the Heath proposals: a national industrial relations court, the outlawing of closed shops, collective agreements to be legally binding, use of a secret ballot in serious disputes.

On matters of global strategy, Heath has a grand design, and in pursuing it he has shown himself to be as unrhetorical but also as flinty as he has proved on domestic matters. The lineaments of that design are now reasonably clear, and they involve a coherent and also realistic definition of Britain's role in the world of the 1970s.

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First, as signaled by the government's decision to sell arms to South Africa, the ideological tug exerted by the Third World upon Labor Party policy has given way to a policy based upon national and strategic interest. Second, Heath has decided that England can best play a world role through closer association with Europe rather than as the alleged head of a largely mythical Commonwealth. Europe, in its turn, strengthened by the British entry, is to become more independent of the U.S. What is implicit here is an independent nuclear deterrent as well as greater European contribution to a preliminary strategy of "flexible response." Such a Europe will be a more potent rival, but also a more valuable ally.

This over-all design possesses great coherence, even elegance. Labor Party socialism was difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile with a move into a Europe dominated by the free market. Heath's domestic policy, commendable in itself, has the further attraction of providing the basis for a plausible foreign policy.

When the friend of *NR* mentioned above last took leave of Heath in London, he remarked to the Prime Minister that two generations ago England had led the Western world into socialism, and that now she might lead the way out of it. If Mr. Heath does intend to pursue such a course, could there be a more opportune moment for his visit to America and to the White House?

Not So Fast There

"Belgrade, Dec. 10—Yugoslavia's President Tito postponed his visit to Italy fifteen hours before his scheduled arrival. A joint communiqué said both governments hoped the visit would take place as soon as possible. Informed sources said the postponement resulted from differences over the agenda for Tito's talks with Italian leaders, particularly the question of Yugoslavia's sovereignty over the hinterland of the northeast Italian port of Trieste."

Behind that news item lies a story of international skulduggery, and a frustrated major land grab.

Back in 1954, everyone in sight—the United States, Britain, Italy and Yugoslavia—signed a "Memorandum of Agreement" on the free territories surrounding the Adriatic city of Trieste, which Italy had yielded up after World War II. Under the Agreement, which was very skilfully negotiated by Clare Boothe Luce, then our ambassador in Rome, so-called Zone A—the province of Gorizia—was returned to Italian administration; and Zone B—the territory south of Trieste including the towns of Capodistrina and Cittanova—were placed under Yugoslav administration. But the people of Zone B retained their Italian citizenship. And so matters went in Zone B for sixteen years.

Then, several months ago, a Yugoslav delegation turned up in Rome and engaged in a series of secret negotiations and discussions not only with the government of Premier Colombo but also with leaders of the Italian Communist Party and various factions of the Socialist Party, and with the left-fringe of the Christian Democratic Party. And what they worked out, according to sources in Rome, was a deal for the outright cession of Zone B and its 100,000 people to the Communist government of Yugoslavia. The various parties to the deal threatened to bring down Premier Colombo's government, which is shaky, unless it went along. The deal was to have been announced on Tito's December 10 visit to Rome.

But the story was leaked in time and reportedly the reaction was so fierce that the government notified Belgrade it could not go through with it—at least at this time. And that was why Tito canceled his trip fifteen hours ahead of his scheduled arrival.

K., K. and K.

Life has been having a ball mystifying all us outsiders with its non-statements on Khrushchev's *Memoirs* or non-*Memoirs* or non-Khrushchev *Memoirs*. We won't pretend we can disclose the secret. Just going by the text as published and the few points about its provenance that have been revealed or hinted, we would guess:

1) Much of the material does derive at one or another remove from Khrushchev. It sounds and feels like Khrushchev as we all got to know and love him during the years he was playing in stage center.

2) It is not a coherent work, but a hodgepodge probably combining tapes, jottings, notes etc. plus secondhand reports and recollections of persons to whom K. has rambled.

3) It is manifestly self-serving (which helps establish its general if not literal and total authenticity). The K. of the memoirs is trying to present himself as a hard-working, decent, human sort of guy with whom we can all at least sympathize even when we may disapprove a particular course of action.

4) The global appearance of this whatever-it-is comes as a result of a deliberate Kremlin operation. This is not a product of the underground literature of dissidents that makes its way out to unauthorized printing abroad. A notorious Soviet agent and intermediary had a known and admitted role in the transmission of the texts. The Soviet press has avoided its standard treatment of underground writing.

5) It thus follows—granted the way Soviet policy works—that the Kremlin believes that publication of these notes and asides is in the Soviet interest—a fact that,

Fly Backward, Fly Backward . . .

Two youths attacked a blind man on 42nd Street at the height of the evening rush hour, took his wallet and stole his guide dog. —New York Times

They say conservatives are bent
On concentrating on what *went*,
And judging by what happens here
I'll take the snows of yesteryear.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Scrooge Knew a Thing or Two

Britain faces the prospect of a dark and cold Christmas after the breakdown of pay talks for 125,000 electricity supply workers.

—*The London Times*

Hey up there, George Bernard Shaw,
See what's stuck in Britain's craw.
Kids get dentures fitted, free,
But there's no prosperity.
Taxes really soak the rich,
Yet the lower orders bitch.
Everybody wants to score;
Everybody's out for more.
Why can't *you* be here to sink
In the socialistic stink?
Morley's dead, and that ain't all.
England's up against the wall.

W. H. VON DREELE

naturally, does not concern Time, Incorporated. Even as, following Marx, K. says of Italy's willingness to sell tankers to the Soviet Union to use in supplying oil to Cuba: "The lesson was that if a capitalist country sees a chance to make some extra money, it couldn't care less about . . . solidarity."

To conclude of this document that its publication is (or is thought by the Kremlin to be) in the Soviet interest does not mean that it is all lies. A number of the sections included in the *Life* serialization make good reading, and seem to be at least part of the truth as seen from a K.-serving and Communism-serving perspective. One of the most fascinating is the account of the Cuban missile crisis, and we find this at least as plausible as most of the renderings by the American participants in the still-obscure episode.

K. claims he sent missiles to Cuba, after the Bay of Pigs invasion, in order to assure the defense of Cuba against a new U.S. move that he felt certain we would be a-planning. Intermediate-range nuclear missiles would be a sufficient deterrent to such an attempt. (At the time, the Soviet Union did not have operational intercontinental missiles.) The Soviet objective was to protect and preserve the revolutionary regime that had appeared in the Caribbean. (K.—if it is K.—omits the fact that the installation of nuclear missiles a short distance off the U.S. coast and near the Panama Canal had an obvious offensive potential, and constituted a major shift against the U.S. in the global strategic balance.)

K. then writes how President Kennedy learned about the missiles and ordered out the Navy. "The climax came after five or six days when our ambassador to Washington, Anatoli Dobrynin, reported that the President's brother, Robert Kennedy, had come to see him on an unofficial visit. Dobrynin's report went something like this: Robert Kennedy looked exhausted. One could see from his eyes that he had not slept for days. He himself said that he had not been home for six days and nights. 'The President is in a grave situation,' he said, 'and he does not know how to get out of it. We are under pressure from our military to use force against Cuba. . . . President Kennedy implores Chairman Khrushchev to take into consideration the peculiarities of the American system. Even though the President himself is very much against starting a war over Cuba, an irreversible chain of events could occur against his will. That is why the President is appealing directly to Chairman Khrushchev for his help in liquidating this conflict. If the situation continues much longer, the President is not sure that the military will not overthrow him and seize power.' " It doesn't sound unlikely—nor is it logically inconsistent with the accounts from the White House side.

So the deal that the U.S. Government has never publicly admitted was made. "We sent the Americans a note saying we agreed to remove our missiles and bombers on condition that the President give his assurance that there would be no invasion of Cuba by the forces of the U.S. or anybody else. Finally Kennedy gave in and agreed to make a statement giving us such an assurance."

K. sums up the net balance as he calculated it: "I don't deny that we were obliged to make some big concessions in the interests of peace. . . . It was a great victory for us, though, that we had been able to extract from Kennedy a promise that neither America nor her allies would invade Cuba. . . . We can be gratified that the revolutionary government of Fidel Castro still lives and grows. Cuba exists as an independent socialist country, right in front of the open jaws of predatory American imperialism. Other Latin American peoples are beginning to realize what steps they can take to liberate themselves from American imperialists and monopolists."

K.'s estimate thus differs radically from that of President Kennedy's admirers, who point to his handling of the missile crisis as his finest and most triumphant hour. The events in Chile are now proving which judgment is correct.

The Sudden Eminence of Karl Hess

I have just left the observatory of one of the most learned astronomers in the world, who has spent forty years in unwearied attention to the motions and appearances of the celestial bodies, and has drawn out his soul in endless calculations. . . .

We hear much these days from and about Mr. Karl Hess. He reviews books for *Life* and the *Washington Post*; he is the author of an extensive article in *Playboy* and the subject of lengthy pieces in the Sunday magazines of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. He is, in short, well on his way to household-wordhood in the liberal media.

Why? Because there is a New Hess. The Old Hess did

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brain-work for conservative think-tanks, worked for the GOP National Committee in 1960 and 1964, wrote speeches for Barry Goldwater, wore a tie. The New Hess runs seminars at Marcus Raskin's far-left Institute for Policy Studies, consorts with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis, lives in a houseboat commune on the Potomac. And says things like: "The Vietcong are more on the side of giving power to the people than the Republicans ever thought of" and, the Russians "are just a teensy bit better than we are, a teensy bit freer. They eliminated a man named Beria, who was head of their secret police. . . . In this country we have J. Edgar Hoover. . . ."

The New Hess is good copy because he denounces his former comrades at every turn and claims, over and over, that his personal brand of libertarianism/anarchism is the only real conservatism. "The only place for true conservatism today," he says, "is in the New Left" (whose Stalinism he seems able to ignore). Right on, say the *Times* and *Post*, Hess is a real conservative, picturesque, a rugged individualist; those other guys are nowhere.

Hess seems to enjoy the sudden attention, even to court it by exaggerating the importance of the old Hess. He permits himself to be described as a "founding father" of NATIONAL REVIEW (he was in charge of a project that was aborted after three months, before *NR*'s first issue was published); he suggests that he, himself, wrote the 1960 Republican platform (he worked on a very large committee that wrote it); he claims credit for Goldwater's "extremism in the defense of liberty" line (it was Harry V. Jaffa's); and, though a junior executive, he remembers himself running a paper corporation singlehanded. Now, he says, he's moving "left, left, left, back to the roots." Back, really, to the old anarchist dream of simplicity in which the individual is his own God, the center of the universe; back to infancy.

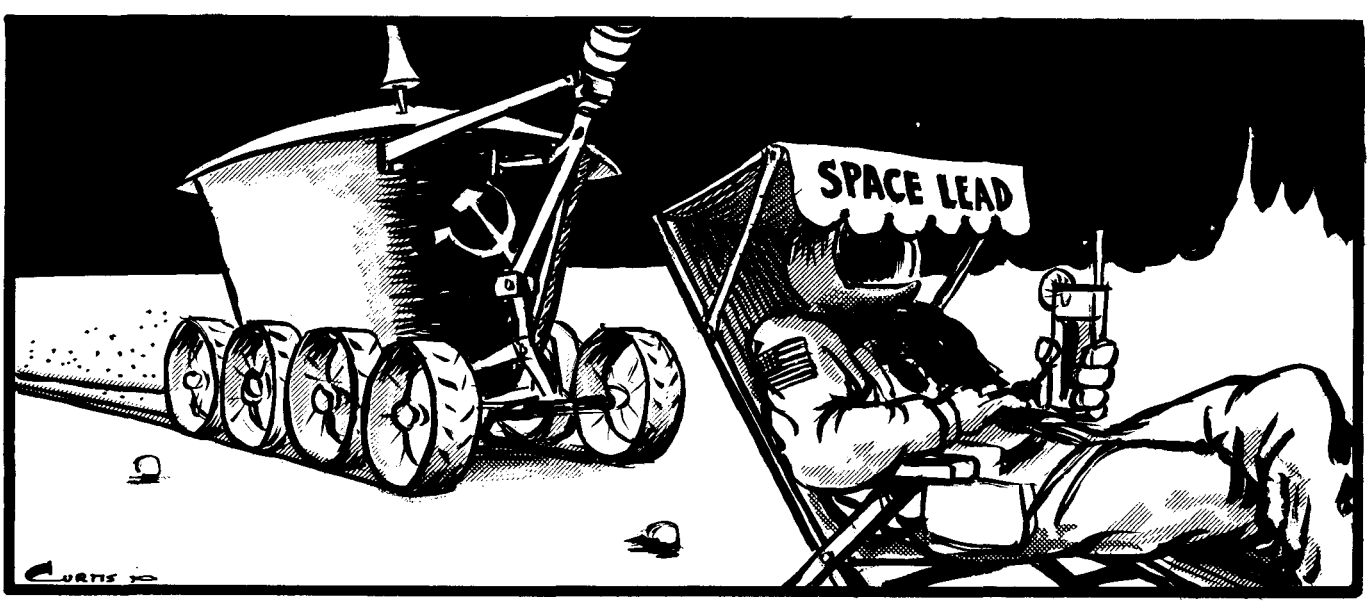
. . . . We were sitting last night in the turret of his house, watching the emersion of a satellite of Jupiter. A sudden tempest clouded the sky and disappointed our observation. We sat awhile silent in the dark, and then he addressed himself to me in these words: . . . "I have possessed for five years the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons. The sun has listened to my dictates and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command; I have restrained the rage of the dog-star, and mitigated the fervors of the Crab. . . . I have administered this great office with exact justice, and made to the different nations of the earth an impartial dividend of rain and sunshine."

—Johnson, *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*

Mishima Yukio, RIP

"The blade had certainly pierced the wall of the stomach, he thought. His breathing was difficult, his chest thumped violently, and in some far deep region, which he could hardly believe was a part of himself, a fearful and excruciating pain came welling up as if the ground has split open to disgorge a boiling stream of molten rock. . . . Was this *seppuku*?—he was thinking." Mishima wrote thus of a lieutenant's death in *Patriotism*, one of his best stories. The *seppuku* (*hara-kiri*) is described in minute detail; the reader is chilled by it, just as are those who read of Mishima's *seppuku*. "There was a tremendous spurt of blood and the lieutenant lay still, cold blue-tinged steel protruding from his neck at the back." But Mishima went back to the pure tradition and had his second cut off his head. Then the second, again following the custom to the letter, slit his own belly and was in turn beheaded.

Mishima's politics echoed the self-righteousness of the ultra-Right in the 1920s and 1930s, those who wished to usher in a regime of discipline, to "restore" Japan's native virtues. They succeeded finally in the mid-Thirties. Their heirs will not succeed this time, despite the suicides and perhaps assassinations that will now be perpetrated by



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dissident elements, left and right, in Japan. Mishima often said he wanted to die before he was fifty, and that he wanted to be in good shape when he went. And so, along with his private army, the Shield Society, he exercised religiously and was in superb physical condition. In his introduction to a book of photographs of Japanese body-builders, *Young Samurai*, Mishima wrote: "Today all external rules of conduct having been stripped from him, the modern Japanese discovers that at the same time he has also lost the footing of his morality. In our hearts, so long nurtured on the Way of the Samurai, there has arisen a strange paradox: Without etiquette we have no morality."

Disciple of Japan's only Nobel laureate in literature, Kawabata Yasunari, Mishima will be remembered now and in legend for generations because of his terrible suicide and his outrageous political views. They will forget the beauty of his *Sound of Waves*, a tender love story in the simplest boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl, boy-gets-girl tradition. They will recall the sado-masochistic parts of his fictionalized autobiography, *Confessions of a Mask*, but that book's beautiful prose will be ignored. And *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, about the crazed young priest who burns down one of Japan's finest buildings, will be talked about because of its protagonist's single-mindedness of purpose, not because of its author's skill at psychological writing. Mishima Yukio will be remembered for the worst parts of his life. His mission, to restore Japan to some fanciful pristine purity, will fail, and Mishima will have died for nothing. An *idée fixe*, a moment of unspeakable horror—and Mishima's life was over. Japan's most exciting young writer, perhaps her best, is dead at 45, victim of his own fanaticism. —D. BRUDNOY

Notes & Asides

■ Several weeks ago, a friend of NATIONAL REVIEW, who is in and out of the White House, and has access to the Executive Ear, suggested to the Vice President that he might profit from meeting with a few business leaders under the auspices of NATIONAL REVIEW, even as they would surely profit from such a meeting. The idea took root, and we issued invitations, limited to the size of the host's (WFB's) dining room (22). It was to have been an off-the-record meeting, but by off-the-record, the uninitiated (we have never before had a lunch for the Vice President) need to know that all that that means is that *you* say nothing about it. The Vice President's official calendar, released that morning, announces where he is going: to New York, to have lunch at such and such an address, with *NR*, and friends. What that means is that an hour or so before the arrival, the press congregates outside your door. Inasmuch as you are pledged to say nothing, you say nothing: and that is pretty uncomfortable, especially if it is cold outside.

The invitation list was also to have been confidential, and remains so concerning only those who could not come, or at any rate declined to come. Those who did, having to run the gantlet of reporters, were identified, and here and there, their names were published. Under the circumstances, feeling none of the guilt that Charlotte Curtis felt after Truman Capote's party, we confirm that the guests included: Messrs. John Bierwirth, Chairman, National Distillers and Chemical Corporation; Fred Borch, Chairman, General Electric Company; Judson Branch, Chairman, Allstate Insurance; Edwin Finch, President, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation; Kenneth Foster, President, Prudential Insurance Company; Floyd Hall, President, Eastern Airlines; Roger Hull, President, Mutual of New York; Jeremiah Milbank Jr., Chairman, Commercial Solvents Corporation; Roger Milliken, President, Deering Milliken; George S. Moore, past Chairman, First National City Corporation; William Renchard, Chairman, Chemical Bank; James Roche, Chairman, General Motors; George Spater, President, American Airlines; and Edgar Speer, President, United States Steel.

It was a cozy lunch, and the remarks of the Vice President were not restricted to taking the temperature of the military-industrial complex. He spoke about many things, answering several questions, and emphasizing the need for young Americans in particular to know something about the history and literature, current and past, of an aspect of America with which they are not regularly acquainted by the chic-est publications in the land. Mr. Agnew said that his own experience was both alarming and heartening. For instance, when he began to campaign for the Vice Presidency, he simply did not know the extent to which the press would succeed in magnifying the errors he made, or in conveying what he thought to be a distortion of his habits, and concerns. "I almost blew it" for Mr. Nixon, he said, reflecting obviously on the closeness of the '68 election. What saved him, he said, was that finally the caricature of him became incredible. "I would come back from a campaign trip and even my own friends and associates would look at me and say, 'What's gotten into you?' " After a while his friends and associates realized that nothing had gotten into him to strangelove him, or to make him a racist, or a crook; and eventually, the public, or at least a part of the public, arrived at the same conclusion, and by the time he was sworn in, it was not generally supposed that a Monster had been inaugurated as Vice President.

Sounds self-serving? Well, it wasn't, it was informative. For the most part, Mr. Agnew spoke about the current divisions in the country, and what moves him to speak about them, and to speak about them in the way that he does. His audience was interested, reserved, amiable, cool, poised. Mr. Agnew proved, without any assistance from ghosts, his quite extraordinary analytical and syntactical resourcefulness, his sense of decorum and balance. A very nice guest. Recommended. **—WFB**

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CATO

WILL DOLE DO IT?

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Given the effects of a dynamic force in the static but mutable world of the Republican establishment, it was all but inevitable that Senator Robert Dole (Kan.) should emerge in a leadership position. In the Senate, Dole's energy has worked against him. Although his conservative credentials were excellent, some of his older colleagues apparently just didn't feel able to keep up with him. Such senior Republican stalwarts as Len Jordan (Idaho) were known to have reservations about Dole's activist, albeit conservative, proclivities.

Unable to make much headway in breaking into the GOP senatorial leadership, Dole began storing up credits in heaven (heaven being the White House). Perhaps more than any other Republican senator, Dole bore much of the brunt of the Administration's case on a number of issues in the Senate—notably the two Supreme Court nominations that lost, the ABM and the Hatfield-McGovern amendments where the Administration carried the day—and won White House approval by staying in the public line of fire, where most members of the GOP Senate leadership were not often seen. Dole spends a lot of time on the Senate floor. By doing so, he keeps himself and the Administration position in the papers, to the advantage of both.

Result: The White House felt it owed a debt to Dole and concluded the Kansan's talents were not being used fully. The word now is that Dole will become Chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Originally, Presidential Counselor Bryce Harlow seemed a shoo-in. But Harlow had enough as liaison man with Congress and was understandably wary of the National Committee, with its undefined function and undefined powers. Furthermore, his intention to return to his job as chief lobbyist for Proctor & Gamble necessitated a 1970-71 move, while a Republican Administration was still in power. Given the disappearance of Harlow and many others from the short list, Dole has emerged as the most likely candidate.

Should Dole win out it will signify some important changes in Republican strategy. For one thing, Dole has occasionally served notice on the Administration that conservative GOP senators expect to be listened to harder. In a little-noticed move several months ago, Dole withheld endorsement of the American move into Cambodia for a whole day. Admittedly, three days after the move, Dole was on educational television defending the invasion, but many observers considered the pause before his endorsement an implicit notice that he and other GOP conservatives expected both to be kept better informed and to be heard.

Since the possibility of Dole becoming National Chairman was raised, his remarks have been carefully scrutinized for hints about the future direction of Republican policy. In a speech at the University of Missouri, Dole made two significant points. One was a prediction that the Administration would move "to humanize the life of enlisted men" in the Armed Forces. The other concerned revenue-sharing, a perennial issue favored by politicians with nothing else to talk about. Several months ago it seemed certain that little federal money would go to the states, simply because there wasn't enough money to take care of the Federal Government's own needs. But Dole's description of the President's revenue-sharing plan as "a top Administration domestic goal for the new Congress" indicates that a big push may be coming in 1971.

If named GOP National Chairman, Dole is expected to operate differently from his predecessors. Rogers Morton ran the party, kept in touch with the local organizations and smoothed ruffled feathers. Dole would be much more a spokesman, the GOP's man-on-the-tube. And if Dole does indeed become Chairman, it is probable that a strong Number Two man will join the National Committee to handle the nuts-and-bolts operation. The names most often mentioned in this connection are Murray Chotiner and Harry Dent, though Presidential Counselor John Ehrlichman (not usually involved in day-to-day political planning in the White House) is also a possibility. Chotiner has wanted to be at the National Committee for some time and ended up at the White House only because Rogers Morton wanted a free hand.

As of mid-December, House Minority Leader Gerald Ford was reported to believe that Dole was "a sure thing." But the prospect of a conservative senator in a position of power also mobilized opposition. Minority Leader Hugh Scott, sensing the Dole threat, told the reporters rather huffily that he expected to be consulted on the appointment. He took the line that the National Chairman should not hold the job on a part-time basis—as did Rogers Morton who served in Congress while National Chairman—and mustered the support of several former GOP chairmen, including Leonard Hall. Rogers Morton was also said to be giving quiet encouragement to the anti-Dole forces.

AN INTERESTING SWITCH on SST was California Congressman John Tunney's. Tunney was one of 174 congressmen who were on the losing side of a move in the House to abandon the SST project. Previously Tunney had supported the plan and he changed his position only after his victory in his race for the Senate seat of incumbent GOP Senator George Murphy. California has a large aerospace industry and stands to profit from subsidiary contracts on SST, and unemployment in the aerospace industry was a factor in Tunney's election. But should the SST issue carry over into the next Congress, expect Tunney, free from campaign expediencies, to be one of its more vociferous opponents. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

PEACE AND POLLUTION

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

A couple of years ago, when the Antipollution Movement was first raising its wobbly little head and most people thought Ecology was somewhere in Southeast Asia, I felt maybe the whole business was going to be a quick fad like miniature golf or Nehru jackets. But it looks as if the Environment is here to stay a while, and I'm beginning to wonder whether this Antipollution Movement (Campaign, Crusade) may not turn out to be the Peace Movement of the Seventies.

I am not talking about peace or antipollution, but about movements (campaigns, crusades); that is to say, about politics. Naturally everybody is for antipollution, just as everybody is for peace. That's what makes both of them such perfect campaign subjects. But the *politics* of peace and pollution are something else again.

Politically the Peace Movement, which has been a pervasive global factor since shortly after World War II, is a mode of attack on the United States in particular and more generally on the Western nations. Its frequent and sometimes considerable influence has been to weaken, blunt and inhibit American (and Western) power. It has never embarrassed or countered Communist power nor has it troubled Third World power when that has been directed against a Western nation. Some of the persons participating in the Peace Movement have understood its political-strategic role. Most have not: they have been (to use a well-known sf title) the marching morons—men, women and youth "of good will," their addled pates stuffed with undigested humanitarian-liberal-leftist clichés swimming in idealistic gravy.

All crusades pall sooner or later. The Vietnam war gave the Peace Movement a temporary boost, but peace has grown boring. Antipollution and Ecology came along just in time to rescue the right-minded from the dread fate of having nothing lofty to quiver about. With the shine worn off Peace, here was Pollution, a fresh unspoiled dish an idealist could really get his teeth into.

Zeroing in

In the first phase there was a jumble on the Environmentalist mustering ground. Teddy Roosevelt conservationists, arrived bearing senior credentials, but, with their taint of Consumerism, were soon shunted aside. There were the Nature buffs, straight out of Rousseau and Chateaubriand, and the champions of Threatened Species (for only Man is vile). There were conservatives who like to fish and liberals who dislike the trailer set. Ideas, aims and motivations were by no means identical, but overlapped sufficiently to blur sharp edges. And all could get together under the hospitable banner of Antipollution. Who can be against Antipollution? It's as sure fire as Peace.

As the Antipollution Movement shaped up and got going, the target, the villain, the Enemy, emerged from the mists, and, lo and behold, it was none other than our old familiar, the Military-Industrial Complex. That is, Antipollution turned out to have exactly the same target as Peace. Insofar as the term "military-industrial complex" has any meaning, it is simply a way of referring to the U.S. Government and economy as a going concern. Take away the military-industrial complex and what do you have left? Certainly not this nation, not any nation.

So, naturally, the tactics of the Antipollution Movement are the tactics of the Peace Movement brought up to date: public committees with lots of names, rallies, disruption of Enemy meetings, picketing by suburban housewives, boycotts, lobbying, petitions, neighborhood organizations, oceans of speeches, articles, books, columns, court actions by the thousand to nip Pollution in the bud.

The ideas, too, are old friends, with occasionally a noun changed. The doomsday predictions are a special comfort—for what is a crusade without prophecies of world's end? There is always a Nobel scientist to be trotted out proclaiming the imminent annihilation of mankind from blue algae, sulphur compounds or laundry phosphates unless we repent, just as one was ever at hand, in the old days, to tell us we would all soon be dead from nuclear war or electronic accident or Strontium-90.

Auld Lang Syne

And all the old Peace crowd is there, along with their lineal descendants. There was some initial confusion on the left flank. The revolutionary units at first held aloof, fearing Antipollution might be a diversion from serious revolutionary business. But as it becomes clear that the thrust of the Movement, whatever its ideology, is against the veritable Enemy, the revolutionaries get aboard.

For some conservatives the confusion has been more painful. They rejoiced at the emergence of pollution-environment-ecology into public display, regarding it as "a natural conservative issue," but within a short time the behavior of the Antipollution *Movement* began to puzzle, and then dismay them. A filtering process set in. By the time of the Senate vote to kill the SST, all conspicuous liberals of both parties, except for Ralph Yarborough from the military-industrial heartland of Texas, were on the side of the cleanly angels, and all leading conservatives except two or three southern senators ("just another federal boondoggle") were lined up with the dirty military-industrial devils.

It is tiresome at this stage to note—as nearly everyone no doubt realizes deep down—that anything which has been, is being, or will be done in a major way about pollution, was, is, and will be done, not by the public-interest lawyers, the clergymen, bird-watchers, politicians or publicists, but by the military-industrial complex. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Ted Heath's New Year

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

EDWARD HEATH is turning out to be, in a paradoxical way, a much more interesting Prime Minister than could have been expected—even by many of us who voted for him. It's paradoxical because he so conspicuously lacks most of the qualities that normally make one say that a politician is interesting. He has no sense of showmanship, no style, in the sense that, whatever view one took of their policies, Harold Macmillan and General de Gaulle and John F. Kennedy had style. He even strikes out the more entertaining bits from speeches that have been written for him. He makes a virtue of dullness, but not because he tries to be a plain man's politician, homely and soothing. On the contrary, there is a flinty quality about him, calculated to appeal only to political connoisseurs. This is the quality which, rather startlingly, has now begun to emerge.

The Conservatives won the election in June, despite the pollsters' predictions, not because they had converted a lot of floating voters to conservatism, but because people had seen through Harold Wilson and were absolutely determined to get rid of him. Mr. Heath, however, regards himself as having a mandate for change; change not just from the policies of the Labor government but from those of recent Conservative governments too; the most drastic change—at least philosophically—that Britain has been offered since the war.

One of General de Gaulle's mordant observations was that, since politicians never mean anything they say, they are always astonished to find that people have taken them seriously. The situation in Britain is precisely the reverse. People have become so cynical about politicians that they are astonished to find that Mr. Heath did mean a great deal of what he said.

He promised, for example, "a new style of government"—quieter, more honest, less gimmicky. But Harold Wilson had so accustomed everybody, and particularly the press, to a spectacular bustle of non-events, with the spotlight always focused on the Prime Minister, that, when Mr. Heath spent his first hundred days simply reading himself in, looking at the books and preparing (instead of promising) policies, there were widespread complaints that he was wasting time, that he was failing to govern.

Then came the Conservative Party Conference, on the last day of which Mr. Heath made a very odd speech. It was a dull speech, of course; he seems capable of no other kind. Most of it merely repeated the familiar outlines of Conservative policy—a firmer assertion of Britain's interests abroad, and at home less government spending, lower taxes and no propping up of badly run industries with subsidies from the public purse. But he rounded it off by declaring, quite calmly, that his object was to bring about nothing less than a Conservative revolution, a fundamental change in people's attitudes and in their relationship with the government. Wherever possible the government was going to withdraw. People would have to learn to stand on their own feet again, and to like it. This was, he said, a task not just for the period of one government, but for a generation.

The commentators suddenly woke up. They realized that this really was something new. And they remarked that Mr. Heath's cabinet—and indeed the rank-and-file of the party—were remarkably unanimous. On these issues at least there seemed virtually no right and left; the government and the party were agreed on what they wanted to do.

Almost immediately afterward Parliament reassembled and the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced his so-called "mini-budget," which wasn't really a budget at all but rather a declaration of intent.

The proposals, in brief, are these: Government spending is to be cut—by, for example, stopping the subsidy to commuter railroads, by ending the provision of free milk for schoolchildren over the age of seven, and by abolishing certain interventionist quasigovernmental agencies that the Socialists had set up. Direct subsidies to farmers will be replaced by a levy on imported food, and the whole system of subsidized municipal housing will be changed so that families that can afford it will pay closer to an economic rent, while help is concentrated on those in real need.

Charges under the National Health Service for prescriptions, spectacles and dentistry will gradually be raised until they represent at least a portion of the true cost, though again with wide exemptions for those who might suffer hardship.

At the same time, extra help will be given to really poor families, company taxes are being reduced from 45 to 42½ per cent, and—as from next April, when the whole package comes into effect—the standard rate of income tax will be cut by sixpence on the pound. This is the first reduction of income tax in eleven years.

THESE PROPOSALS ARE only a start, a very small start. The cut in government spending, for instance, constitutes not an absolute reduction but merely a reduction in the planned rate of increase. The details, though, are much less significant than the fact that a change of direction is taking place, a reversal—however slight—of Britain's long movement down the collectivist road. Confirmation that this change of direction is important was immediately provided by Labor Party spokesmen and the whole tribe of left-wing economists and sociologists, who howled indignantly.

Mr. Heath's government, they cried, was proposing a deliberate move toward inequality. This is quite true, of course. Discrimination is the whole point—fewer universal handouts and more freedom of choice. Inevitably any tax cut is worth most to those who pay the most tax, and, for dedicated welfarists, all tax cuts are essentially money wasted. So, from a Socialist point of view, the whole idea is very shocking.

With their customary skill at demonstrating the obvious, public opinion polls show that most ordinary people approve of the reduction in income tax but disapprove of the higher welfare charges. Even if everything were going smoothly, the government would need cool nerves to withstand the heat of opposition which is bound to be generated when people find themselves deprived

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of the pork barrel into which they have long been accustomed to dip.

But the general outlook is very far from tranquil. The tidal wave of inflation which, for the sake of gaining quick popularity, the Labor government unleashed during its last month in office is now sweeping across Britain's economy. Offers of a wage increase of 12 or 15 per cent are being scornfully rejected by the unions: the current demands are for increases ranging between 25 and 50 per cent, far more than could be covered by any conceivable growth of productivity. An inflation of this magnitude becomes self-accelerating, as the unions try, with bigger and bigger claims, to keep ahead.

During the past few weeks people have become really frightened. There has been a lot of panicky talk about what happened to Germany in 1923, when the value of money dropped by the hour and a whole suitcase full of banknotes was hardly enough to buy a loaf of bread. The commentators—and, of course, all the hostile politicians and economists—are demanding action, preferably the reimposition of wage and price controls. Some Conservatives, too, have begun to wobble. And Mr. Heath is, admittedly, vulnerable over prices, since in a rash moment during the election campaign he said he could, and would, bring them down.

The annual Lord Mayor's banquet in London, at which the Prime Minister always speaks, gave him a chance to reassure people. Now, said the commentators, even if he announces nothing new, at least he will explain and defend the government's strategy. Not a bit of it. In the course of a long speech Mr. Heath never even mentioned the word "inflation." He merely insisted that the government was pursuing, and would continue to pursue, the policies on which it was elected: and he added that leaving people free to make their own choices and their own bargains was no less an "income policy" than the Labor government's vain attempts at compulsion.

This point—that freedom is just as positive a policy as state interference—is surely an important one, but, after years of collectivist conditioning, people find it hard to grasp.

But will Mr. Heath's policy, which depends basically on the effectiveness of a free market and monetary controls, do the trick? Or will all the Conservatives' bright hopes be washed away in the tide of a disastrous inflation? A major clash with the labor unions was inevitable anyway, but the government's proposed bill, which is intended to curb wildcat strikes and bring union activities more within the framework of ordinary laws, seems too weak—though the unions themselves regard it as an intolerable affront—to have very much effect. It may be that only an iron control of the money supply, producing widespread unemployment and bankruptcies, would be strong medicine enough: and, with the unions so powerful and welfare benefits cushioning the unemployed, even this might not work.

On the other hand, if Mr. Heath can change people's expectations, can convince them that the government does know what it's doing and that the inflation is slowing down, all may yet be well. In any case, what alternative is there for a government that has abjured a wage freeze and is deeply committed to free-market economics? It will need steady nerves: but steady nerves Mr. Heath has got.

He is not by nature a right-wing Tory. He gratified not only right-wingers, but most ordinary people as well, when he took a very crisp line with President Kaunda of Zambia, who had come to London to complain about Britain's intention of resuming arms sales to South Africa: but the actual decision about the arms sales has been the subject of lamentable dithering, the government's attitude toward Rhodesia makes little sense, and, from a right-winger's point of view, Mr. Heath seems too much of a believer in the United Nations and in foreign aid—and, of course, in the Common Market. His quarrel with Enoch Powell, which appears irrevocable, is sad, wasteful and philosophically worrying.

The fact remains, however, that in practical matters of domestic policy Edward Heath is emerging as far more of a conservative than the Conservative leaders we have been used to; more of a conservative than President Nixon, whom in some ways he resembles and some of whose problems he shares. The danger on both sides of the Atlantic is that conservative policies may be half-tried and then prematurely abandoned as though they had been proved not to succeed. Mr. Heath's unadorned hardness renders this prospect a little less likely.

Nobody could predict how things will turn out. With rough weather around and ahead, and a strong-minded captain who has just swung the tiller sharply in an unfamiliar direction, Britain has clearly embarked on a hazardous but stimulating passage. It should be an adventure well worth watching. □

"As a rule, I consider marriage irrelevant, but this is a groovy wedding. I wish you both a lifetime of happiness, Father Guinan and Sister Catherine Rose."

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CHRISTMAS AT COLONY ROAD

According to the instructions, any eight-year old can assemble it.
Ha! says Mrs. Heath, in fact, HA!
as she spends yet another Christmas Eve
on the furnace room floor

It Says Here...

ALOISE B. HEATH

You know that house where, the night before Christmas, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse? Well, that wasn't our house. That was a house where St. Nicholas came down the chimney with a bound and did absolutely everything. It may come as a surprise to many people, but the fact is, St. Nicholas doesn't do one blessed *thing* for the Heath family.

You know the family that gathers 'round the hearth on Christmas Eve while Father rereads the beloved *Christmas Carol*? Firelight flickering on absorbed little faces? Well, that's not our family, and I bet you guessed.

I hope I'm not giving anyone the impression that Ben and I are not respecters of tradition, because the fact is that we're simply aslosh with traditions. But we have a substitute tradition. We give Janet and Timothy a half teaspoon of liquid phenobarbital, Jennifer, Betsey and Alison a teaspoon, and Buckley, Priscilla and John two teaspoons each. (We've had to keep the two eldest off the stuff these past few years; they have to stay alert.)

Then we send sixteen-year-old Jim, who has a voice like a bull calf, into the living-room with the big children and make *him* read Dickens' beloved *Christmas Carol*; and fourteen-year-old Pam, who has such a sharp eye and a quick hand that she can whack a small bottom while its owner is still wondering which trespass to commit, takes the peewees into the nursery to hear Clement C. Moore's beloved "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

Ben and I refill the coffee pot and proceed forthwith to the furnace room, which is where *we* spend Christmas Eve. Not by choice, you understand, but because the furnace room is the only one in our house in which you can a) store

167 different items, ranging from aeroplane, gasoline-powered to Zig-Zaw Puzzle Map; and also b) lock.

Nine out of ten of these items, as parents know, have to be organized or set up or assembled, and a good many of them have to be redesigned from scratch. All of them must be fully understood if Christmas morning is not to shrill with the sad cry of: "It's just a bunch of iron sticks!" or "I'll never be able to play that. The grections have too long words." All of which leaves Ben and me with the choice of working in the living-room after the last child is asleep—and when you have ten children that means never—or spending Christmas Eve in the furnace room.

The furnace room is rather peaceful, actually. By the time we've opened the boxes and laid out the hammer, saw, screwdrivers, wrenches, pliers, files, glue, rubber cement, safety pins, needles and thread, toothpicks for stiffening tabs that won't go into slots, crochet hooks and rubber bands for putting dolls' arms back on, mercurochrome, Band-Aids, tranquilizers, benzedrine, phenobarbital, aspirin and a dictionary, we hardly even notice the furnace, which has a way of breathing like a dinosaur with croup. Jim's voice, bellowing "Sit DOWN, Buckley," filters down to us in a soft murmur; and since the nursery is on the third floor and Pam's energy is limited, she only clatters down every now and then to tell us that Alison keeps sticking her feet under Timothy and pinching him with her toes, or that Alison keeps muttering "moon on the *breast* of the new-fallen snow . . ." and making all the others laugh and act silly . . . "Well, she *thinks* it's a bad word, Mother, or she wouldn't bother to say it. You know how absolutely vulgar Alison is."

"Send her down to Jim's group," I roar through the screws in my mouth which isn't much help—or much help to Jim, anyway—but my maternal instinct always seems to wane as my mechanical instinct waxes. Well, I call it mechanical.

I DO KNOW some of my limitations, though, so I always start with a simple thing, like "ROLLING TENNIS: A new game for home fun," for instance. ROLLING TENNIS only has about six pieces, which is practically boring to a woman who was on Dean's List the entire first semester of her sophomore year at college. The instructions are nice and short, too. *The elastic steel needle*, they begin . . . (There's no elastic steel needle in the box, but the nearest thing to it is a kind of hard, spiky thing that bends, so that must be what) *must be kept in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table.* The trouble is, it won't stay in a way that it sits up on the edge of the

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table unless I hold it there, and surely the ROLLING TENNIS people couldn't mean that, could they? They don't really mean for me to spend the declining years of my life holding up that spiky thing! Well, of course not. There's a perfectly simple solution.

"Ben, it says here . . ." I begin.

"First things first," mumbles Ben, who is engaged in his annual re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the electric train, which he always can't understand something in the transformer of. I don't tell him that if he'd leave the train *up* all year round he and the transformer wouldn't have to go through this every Christmas Eve. I don't tell him because it's too early. This is what I tell him around 2:00 A.M., and I'm a stickler for tradition.

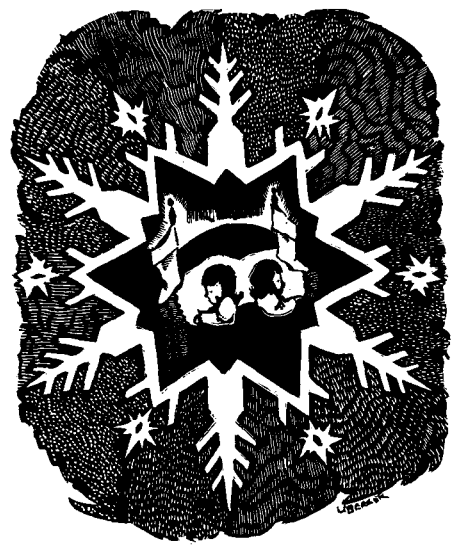
Anyway, it's time to check everybody's teeth (and to tell Alison for the last time that sticking her toothbrush under the faucet doesn't fool *me* for one minute) and to hear everybody's prayers (and to tell Alison for the last time that beating everyone else to the "Amen" is *not* praying) and to kiss everybody goodnight (and to kiss Alison twice and tell her I love her anyway, which is the simple truth). By the time I get back to the furnace room Ben has had time to accomplish a great deal, and I feel much better about everything, even ROLLING TENNIS.

SO, ALL RIGHT, I *will* hold the spiky thing in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table. It's not as if the children were going to play rolling tennis eight hours a day! Now: *By a slight pressure of this needle upon the axis of the runner fitted with a rubber tire the latter one begins to move, the other player swiftly catches, stops it to run and jerks back with the same movement.*

Only there's no runner. There is a rod with a little rubber tire at each end, but if that's the runner, how would I press its axis? Anyhow, an axis is what things *turn* on, isn't it? I know it is; I won't even look it up; and it's nine o'clock and Ben has started to fiddle with that idiotic transformer again.

I pull out Your Friendly Corner Store. This is more my type, and besides it has a diagram which not only illustrates and labels Parts A to X of the Corner Store, but also its accessories. "Telephone," it tells you, under a picture of a telephone. "Cord." "Cash Register." "Your Friendly Corner Store Sign."

"Check off each step as you complete it," they warn you (and show you how—like this [x]) and "Follow all directions step by step." I never was a leader, anyhow, so I start right in. *Step 1* [ ] *From the white side of the board press out all excess fiberboard from all slots, notches and edges so that all the parts look like those in the kit drawings.* [ ] *Punch out holes for screws with a sharp pencil point.* [ ] *Place parts in alphabetical order.* My Friendly Corner Store and I are not so friendly as we used to be, by the time I finish Step 1. I feel they have been not quite straight with me. They clearly implied that there was only one [ ] to a step, but, I now note, there are seven [ ]s in Step 10, alone.



"Ben, look at this. It says here . . ."

"There's no point in getting mad about it," says Ben, who has made up with the transformer, solved ROLLING TENNIS (they meant "axle," not "axis," if that means anything to you) and is happily assembling some Thermo-Turbo thing without so much as a glance at the directions.

"Who's mad?" I snarl. I grit my teeth and plod on. By the time I finish Step 12 (49 [ ]s later) Ben has put together the bicycle, the tricycle, the tractor and the Walker Wagon. Ben is about to begin the electric hockey game when he discovers the instructions are in French.

I can read French all right, but who knows what a *filet des buts* is, for heaven's sake, or a *casier pour pile sèche*, or a *vis à métal*, except maybe a French electrician? I go upstairs and sullenly search for the Larousse. When I let myself back into the furnace room Ben looks at me for the first time this evening and blanches.

"Are you going to church like that?"

"Like what?" I answer huffily. And rhetorically.

Ben holds the Dreamy Dressing Table mirror up to my face. "It's 11:30," he says, and I tear up the stairs again.

Midnight Mass clears the crossness out of me. Priscilla goes with us this year, along with John and Pam and Jim; and as I watch them come back from Communion they look so solemn and young and tired and beautiful that my heart almost bursts. My heart almost bursts until I kiss them "Merry Christmas" in the cold starlight outside the church, and they refuse, with cries of revulsion, to kiss each other. Then my heart shrivels right back to normal.

Still, the furnace room *is* an anticlimax. By 1:30, Ben and I get ruthless: When we find that the assembly instructions for John's cuckoo clock take up a sixteen-page booklet and begin: "Look what we have here!! What fun!! It's all the parts that go to make a real-as-life BLACK FOREST CUCKOO CLOCK!!" we clap the cover right back on the box and agree to pretend we thought he wanted a do-it-yourself cuckoo clock.

By 2:15 the B-52 Turret Gun, the Helicopter-Bomber, the Kookie Kitchen, the weight-lifting set and the puppet theater are assembled and upstairs; by 3:00 we've finished the musical rocking chair, the robot lady, the Sonar set, the fire engine, the weather station, the Yakkity-Yob and we've even found out how to make the Kissy Dolls kiss. By 3:45 every last item is complete and in the living-room; the Christmas list has been recovered from the rubble on the furnace room floor. And finally we're through. We thumbtack a sheet across the entrance to the living-room and tiptoe upstairs to hang stockings on children's bedposts. Ben takes those for the children who don't believe in Santa Claus, because if they wake up they'll know it's only Daddy; and I take those for the children who do, because if they wake up, they'll know it's only Mother.

At 4:10, in the black dark of the upstairs hall, I tiptoe around a corner into Ben, tiptoeing from the opposite direction. I gasp and clutch him.

"It's only Santa Claus."

"Oh Ben," I sigh, too tired even to move away from his cheek, which feels like a cactus patch. "What will we ever do when the children are grown up?"

"You're not expecting grandchildren? With that crew? What do you think you are—lucky?" says my sentimental Ben. □

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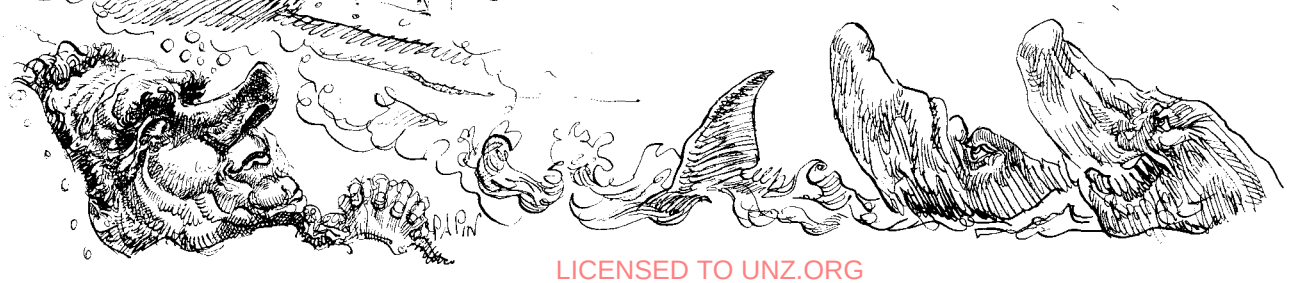
MR. NIXON'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

W. H. VON DREELE

T'was the night before Christmas, and Tricia had plugged
All the lights on the lawn tree without getting mugged.
Upstairs, David and Julie and Mamie and Pat
Were just settling down to TV and a chat.
Meanwhile, Kissinger, off for excitement (va-ROOM!)
Left his chief in the darkening Lincoln Room gloom.
After fighting a tickle the length of his nose,
Mr. Nixon succumbed to a glorious doze.
He was somewhere at sea, and the captain appeared
Like a nautical Agnew with groovy white beard.
He was dressed all in red and he moved like a tank;
"Har-dee-har," he observed. "Who's for walking the plank?"
Then the President saw in the waist of the ship
Such a sight that it started his nostrils to drip.
There were Fulbright and Javits and Tunney and Teddy

And Muskie and Humphrey—all tied up and ready.
"Are you niggling nabobs prepared for the drink?"
Teddy Kennedy answered for all: "Gee, we'd *sink*."
All at once from the center and shaking like jelly
Justice Douglas stood up (thinking he was on telly):
"I protest! These proceedings are out of control."
But it's difficult protesting at the North Pole.
Then the captain declared, "Let's get on with the job.
The last fellow to walk is an impudent snob."
As the President beamed at this wonderful scheme,
Mamie tugged at his elbow, destroying the dream.
"I can't *stand* Lawrence Welk. Shall we pour us a tot?"
To which President Nixon responded, "Why not?"
As they sipped in seclusion on Lincoln's settee,
He said: "Mamie, next year we'll have Christmas at sea."



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NUCLEAR WARNING

Thoughts on Helsinki

LEWIS L. STRAUSS

For the past 22 years—ever since we discovered that the Russians had developed the atomic bomb—we have lived in its shadow. Like inhabitants of cities on the flank of a dormant volcano, we have grown so accustomed to muted rumblings that they seldom alarm us. Yet, though our fears may be dormant, the threat most certainly is not. Over the years, science has steadily enlarged it.

Our other important concerns—overpopulation, pollution of the environment, increasing drug abuse etc.—are more clamant because more visible, but the menace of nuclear war is so great that negotiation for arms limitation and control is the most crucial enterprise in which our government is engaged.

Under five Presidents and both political parties, our negotiators have been conscientious men. The voluminous record evidences their dedication in the face of heartbreaking frustrations. For, in agreements between nations as between individuals, there must be either dependable guarantees or confidence based on mutual trust. Our delegations have had to negotiate without the benefit of either. Confidence is ordinarily established upon long-time observance of good faith as a consistent policy, and guarantees in the form of inspection or other dependable verification have been adamantly opposed by the Soviet negotiators.

General limitation of armaments has been a goal of statesmen time out of mind and there have been many attempts at it in the past half century, but armaments continued to increase, openly or clandestinely, and new wars canceled out all proposals, agreements and understandings. There is an important difference, however, between past negotiations and those now going forward. In the pre-nuclear era, the incentive of disarmament was for the sweet sake of peace. Since Hiroshima, the incentive has become more personal—disarmament for the sake of survival. Also, it is safe to assume that today those on both sides of the negotiating table are familiar with the consequences of continuing failure.

The nature of atomic warfare also imposes a new sense of urgency for the negotiators. In this era of nuclear weapons plus rocketry, surprise attack is possible in a manner that would make Pearl Harbor look like an event in slow motion. Furthermore, the increasing dependence upon automated response introduces danger of war by accident.

In a report to the Congress on foreign policy, the President named certain "clear principles" which the Administration thenceforth would observe in negotiations with the Communist states. These, he pointed out, were the result of lessons learned in postwar negotiations with them. Not included at that point was a principle which had been basic to our position until we agreed to the misnamed Nuclear Test Ban Treaty in 1963. That principle was emphasized by President Eisenhower when he said:

"The United States has made proposal after proposal, each in good faith, in an effort to reduce tensions of the world and to lessen the economic burden of armaments. Moreover, we are prepared always to consider any reasonable proposal made by others. But on one point we must never waver—*and that is our insistence that agreements toward disarmament be accompanied by sound methods of inspection and control.* The absolute necessity of this caution is readily understood when one recalls that the government with which we must deal in these matters has, since 1945, broken an uncounted number of solemn agreements made with us and other nations. . . ."*

Adlai Stevenson, representing the Kennedy Administration, told the General Assembly of the United Nations that "where national security is concerned, an open society cannot undertake with a closed society an arrangement which cannot be verified." Yet the Test Ban Treaty, which President Kennedy recommended and our Senate ratified the following year, lacked that safeguard. The history of that negotiation includes a "lesson" for, in its course, the principle of verification finally disappeared under repeated whittling by the Soviets and repeated concessions by us. We began by insisting upon unlimited mutual inspection and then yielded step by step to the point where the principle of verification was abandoned.

Only two years earlier and after lengthy, secret preparations, the Soviets had violated a moratorium on testing which, on our part, had been scrupulously observed. In a gigantic test operation, the Soviets undoubtedly gained a decided advantage in the knowledge of extremely large explosions and of significant related effects.

Many will remember the jubilation with which ratification of the Test Ban Treaty was hailed. President Kennedy expressed his pleasure and confidence that the Treaty would "slow down the nuclear arms race." There is no perceptible evidence that this has happened. On the contrary, since the ratification of the Treaty in September of 1963, there have been a great many subterranean nuclear tests by the Soviets and ourselves, and new systems have evolved for the delivery of nuclear weapons on distant targets. The euphoria was hollow and deceptive.

The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks with the Soviet Union are now reconvened in Helsinki. A reasonableness which we may prayerfully hope was more than a change of tone is reported to have been evidenced in the prior rounds of talks. If so, the principle of verification, which we imprudently abandoned in 1963, ought to be revived and insisted upon. President Nixon once stated that we would not delude ourselves "that a change of tone represents a change of policy" and that "an agreement to limit strategic arms can be lasting only if it enhances a sense of security of both sides."

This is an important rule for if, as it is sometimes stated, the Russians are as distrustful of us as we are of them, then mutual verification would do more to allay mutual suspicion than any other provision of an arms limitation and control agreement, however solemnly it may be covenanted. ❑

*The number of violated agreements between the Soviet government and the United States has been tabulated by the Department of State. They include the Lend-Lease Agreement; the Understandings reached at Yalta, Teheran and Potsdam; the Charter of the United Nations; the Convention relative to the treatment of prisoners of war; the Constitution of the United Nations' Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization; the Quadripartite (Berlin Blockade) Agreement; and many others.

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LETTER FROM SAIGON

How Can We Lose in Vietnam, Having Won?

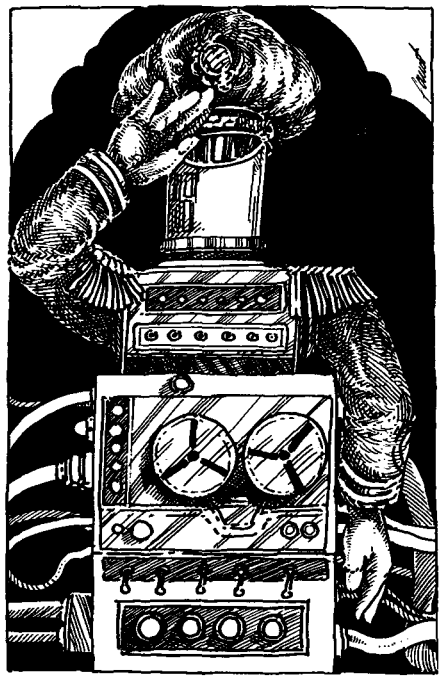
Easy.

PHILIP A. MC COMBS

WHEN *Patton* played here, American colonels flocked to see it, watched and wept. The theater was air-conditioned. Patton wouldn't have liked that. And he probably wouldn't have liked the newfangled computers that count up the poor bastards killed and pacified.

The computers say the war is won. But it's not as simple as all that. Dig deep and the best you can ever uncover in Vietnam is ambiguity. True, the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) is fighting well, and in some cases—the 18th ARVN Infantry Division, for instance—brilliantly. And at this point, Charlie does seem to have had it. The top policymakers recite a litany of success: 90 per cent of the Southerners are secure from enemy attack, 90 per cent of the essential roads and waterways are open, and 47,000 enemy soldiers defected in 1969. The South has 1,090,000 men-at-arms plus a half-million armed irregular militia. The air force has four hundred planes and 1,200 pilots with thousands more training in the States. The navy has 242 U.S.-donated river boats worth $68 million and thousands of American-trained sailors. Vietnamese infantrymen last year replaced GIs in three key regions: Saigon, the Mekong Delta and the coastal belt south of the Demilitarized Zone.

Official optimism is the order of the day. Lt. General Julian J. Ewell told the press in his farewell briefing that things were so good in his III Corps Tactical Zone that the Communists "are coming unglued; ARVN and U.S. units are really crawling all over them like ants." And, again, it's true. III Corps, an expanse of hilly forests sloping south to open rice plains and comprising the eleven heavily populated provinces surrounding Saigon, was the scene of great



battles from 1965 to 1968. But the situation improved dramatically in 1969. U.S. units were killing seventy to one against an enemy reduced to moving in squad-sized units. Six thousand Communists died each month, and the North couldn't send them down fast enough.

Ewell believed the ARVN was nearly ready to keep up the good work. Vietnamese units had been formed, equipped, trained and deployed throughout the Corps. Their logistics system functioned smoothly. There would, said Ewell, be "steady but unspectacular" improvement in the ARVN through March, followed by a "spectacular spurt" of success.

The spurt came when Lt. Gen. Do Cao Tri's forces from III Corps stormed into Cambodia and fought effectively far from their home base. They shattered the enemy in every encounter, resupplied over vast distances, coordinated ground operations with air and artillery support, and operated more than 21.7 miles inside Cambodia without any American support whatever. No ambiguity there.

What is true in III Corps is more or less true elsewhere. To the south in IV Corps—the Mekong Delta area where a third of the nation lives—enemy attacks have subsided even though most U.S. combat troops have withdrawn. And in the sparsely populated I and II Corps to the north, the Allies claim to have kicked the enemy out of the coastal lowlands where most of the people live and work.

The Dream Picture

Thus it becomes possible to imagine what the new Vietnamized Vietnam could ideally look like: There would be about 75,000 American advisers for the next decade, many of them pilots. The ARVN and other national Vietnamese forces would take over combat against main-force enemy units. Regional Force (RF) and Popular Force (PF) units armed with modern weapons would patrol their home districts. The burgeoning People's Self-Defense Force (PSDF) would provide National Guard-type defense at the homeowner's level. Saigon's pacification program would continue to spur the economy and attempt to win the loyalty of the populace. Static defense would give way to aggressive patrolling and ambushing in an integrated defense scheme centered around the villages.

The key to successful Vietnamization is the ragtag PSDF, farmers armed with old rifles and told to shoot Vietcong who wander their way. Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't. Half a million of them are armed, and most of the rifles have stayed pointed in the right

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direction. Two and a half million more, mostly women and children, carry food and ammunition for their men. The enemy fears the PSDF because it fosters political participation in the same manner as his own mass organization, the VCI (Vietcong Infrastructure). Thus the PSDF is the target for much terrorism.

RF and PF units can be tough. Lt. Phan Thanh Hua's 974th RF Co. in Ca Mau terrifies the enemy. These scrappy troops can board choppers in 35 seconds, insert, sweep hard and fast, and trounce Charlie when they find him. They're good at finding him: Most of the men were born in the area and have lived there all their lives. "They're killers," said an American adviser. "I've led GIs in battle, but I'd rather lead men like this."

But you can take your pick. I went on another RF patrol early this year on which the soldiers ambled carelessly through the rice paddies, neglected to search the hamlets they passed through, and carefully skirted one hamlet known to be occupied by the enemy. Quite a feat with Charlie in heavy force in the area and his guns chattering from time to time nearby.

You can take your pick of the ARVN units too. "They're good," said an American 101st Airborne Division rifleman of his 1st ARVN Division comrades. "When we get stuck they come in and do the job." Government troops now form the border defense of their country, a role reserved for U.S. troops in the past. But many ARVN units are inferior and there is doubt they will function well as the highly airmobile strike forces of the new Vietnamized Vietnam.

Pacification ideally solidifies the political base on which military success ultimately depends, and it seems to be effective. The computers say so, and because one can drive most III and IV Corps roads unarmed one instinctively agrees. With a great flourish, Senior Adviser John V. Swango early this year pointed to the milling crowds in Chau Doc's market and said: "Security! Just look: You can see it in their faces!" He was right. There it was, and at a time when two North Vietnamese Army (NVA) divisions were within a half-day's march of the city.

But again it's just not so simple as all that. "The Vietnamese are doing a miserable job and there's nothing we, as advisers, can do about it," said one American in Vinh Binh in March. Vinh Binh had ranked last in security of Vietnam's 44 provinces in January's computerized Hamlet Evaluation Survey (HES). Only 64.6 per cent of the population was under government control.

The Mess in Vinh Binh

The problems were legion: inefficient, corrupt leadership; race hatred between Vietnamese and ethnic Cambodes; numbing bureaucratic indifference; and chaotic, often violent, local politics.

According to the advisers, it was easier for a farmer to buy seed on his own than to consult the agency set up to buy seed for him; in 1969, 1,904 war victims entitled to allowances were never paid; warehouses were overflowing with undistributed goods intended for the people; and Saigon, only 65 miles to the northwest, provided no help whatsoever.

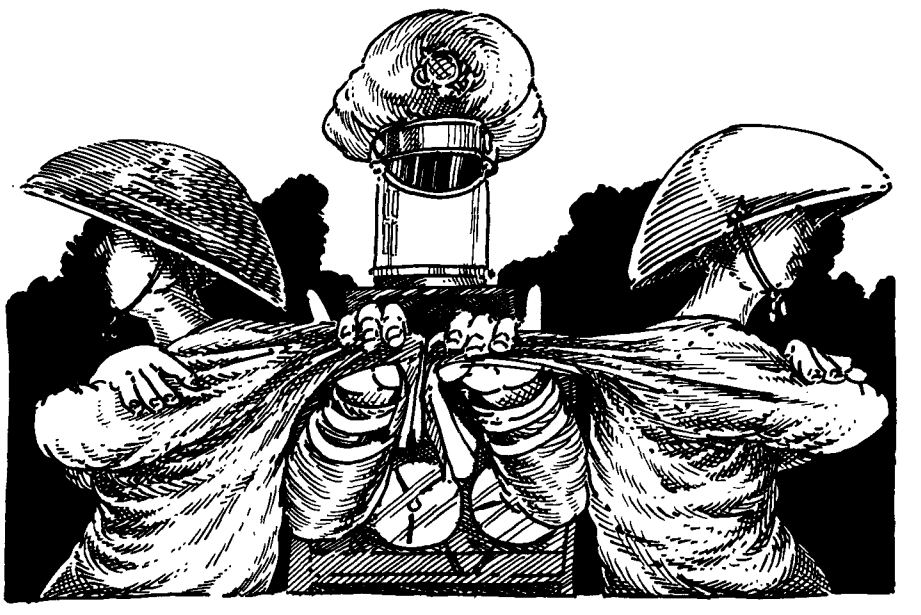
An adviser drove me all day through the province's sunsplashed rice fields and dusty little hamlets. In the tiny Catholic hamlet of Giong Long B the hamlet chief pointed across a field at a fortified Vietcong village and a bunker where he said a VC soldier was standing guard. If that was so, I asked, why hadn't the enemy been attacked? The chief replied that there had been no orders to do so, that the enemy seldom caused trouble and that the VC villagers often came to trade in a nearby government marketplace.

At the time, an intense search was going on for two American pilots whose small airplane had gone down in open rice fields bordered by thin tree-lines just two miles north of Vinh Binh's capital city. The searchers took heavy casualties from booby traps and enemy snipers but found not a trace of the pilots nor a single piece of the plane. Yet you could take a Sunday drive in nearly the same countryside.

Nevertheless, pacification is going forward in Vinh Binh. It means that Allied troops go into an area where the Vietcong had held sway and built permanent outposts. Maybe they have to fight their way in, maybe not. But they are there to stay and hold elections as soon as possible. "Development" is what is supposed to happen after that; the national government provides the money and the villagers build schools, wells, marketplaces and such. From this comes the political stability.

How much political stability is the question. One very high-ranking American pacification official put it this way: "We're right on the edge of something good if we could just get the people politically mobilized. If PSDF would just take hold on top of our current pacification progress, things could happen. But it could go the other way."

That is the nightmarish possibility that Laird and the others in Washington cannot admit, even though Americans in Vietnam know it is a strong one. Bluntly, the enemy has a good chance of winning the war. Pacification progress is fragile and no one knows what will happen when the enemy puts it to the test. The same is true of the ARVN and other Vietnamese forces. Though they have done well in Cambodia, experienced Americans say they have not yet conclusively proved their manhood in single combat with the enemy. And on these two caveats—usually given at the end of even official briefings—hangs the future of South Vietnam.



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Why these things may be so when all the facts seem to indicate victory can only be explained by non-rational factors that are more important in the Vietnam war than the so-called crisis managers of our age of rationalism would like to admit. Tolstoy introduced the concept of the "spirit of the army" to confound the rationalist military strategists of his day. Similar concepts need to be applied to explain why we could lose the war in Vietnam.

ARVN: No Tiger

One man who knows how to apply them is Col. X, a well-known U.S. front-line combat adviser and senior staff adviser in Vietnam for the past five years who, on condition his name not be used, granted the interview condensed here:

"You go down to those briefings and see those goddam charts and walk away mesmerized and convinced we're winning. Nixon began the Vietnamization rhetoric a year ago but we're just doing the same old thing. Vietnamization is like a turtle taking over a foot race with an Austin-Healey. In 1975, the blue, red and gold of the Communist flag is going to be flying over Saigon.

"We've taken a lightweight and built him up with PR as the biggest tiger in the world. We've given him the best boxing shoes, the best training and a bullet-proof jock strap. We put him in the ring and he's still a lightweight.

"The ARVN is created in the image of the U.S. Army, a conventional army not geared mentally, physically or logistically to fight a war like Vietnam. We Americans don't win wars because of individual skill, we win because we run an assembly line that can outproduce anything going. We steamroll our way through. But a dedicated guy needs only a rock to win a war. What we need to do is reconfigure the ARVN.

"The NVA is motivated. Communism. Man, it is *the* thing. It's pushed down their throats and they believe it just like the Christians believed in Christ during the religious wars. That's the whole key. If we could just get that we'd win the sonofabitch. But if you go into any village outside Saigon and ask if they want Communism, democracy or ice cream, the villager doesn't know the difference. He wants to be left alone in his rice paddy, and a fair shake for his son.

"In Vietnam, the guy who's got the big stick and raps people on the head wins. The enemy carries the big stick and he raps people on the head. Dak Pek, Dak Seang, Chau Doc, Fire Support Base Schroeder, Fire Support Base Jay, Fire Support Base Ellingsworth [scenes of recent big battles along the borders] —man, these are *significant* victories for the enemy. We're not recognizing them because in our air-conditioned cocoons everything is just beautiful. But while the battle was going on at Dak Seang [a U.S. Special Forces camp on the Cambodian border which came under siege early this year], did the enemy get into Tan Canh (a rear area nearby)? Did they blow the dependent quarters away? Is the 1st Batn., 42nd Regt. on the rolls any more? (There were forty soldiers left in it.) This is what happened to that battalion, the best of the 42nd: It's gone. What happened to their dependents? What is the feeling of the people in Tan Canh? A disaster all around.

"The goal of North Vietnam was that before Uncle Ho died they'd present him South Vietnam. But now he's dead and they've decided, look, we're going to win in the long run so let's cool it because the people are not happy. We've lost 700,000 men plus another million and a half who're minus arms and legs. Why bleed the nation further and take a chance on counterrevolution? So you can see how he's fighting: selected targets, hit-and-run with a long series of excellent operations, real guerrilla operations. This is a reversion from the big-unit operations which ended with Tet.

"We Westerners fight wars according to Clausewitz. Clausewitz says you win a war by destroying enemy battle formations. Giap says you win a war by destroying the enemy's will to fight. How does he do this? He prepares the battlefield in pure guerrilla fashion, picking the time and place, positioning his people, war-gaming your probable moves. He always has a lure. That's been the history of the whole war: three men to suck you into an ambush, a wounded soldier, or on a larger scale those Special Forces camps.

Too Many Jeeps

"The enemy knows we're going to come in there and save that mothering camp for democracy because it's on the frontier of the mothering country and if it falls we lose face. So he comes in and sets it all up. His purpose is the destruction of the formation that comes in to relieve the camp. It has nothing to do with the camp itself. His objective is to destroy ARVN units, to destroy their will to fight.

"A big problem with the Vietnamese is that you have the officers from one social milieu and the soldiers from another. The leaders aren't accustomed to the harsh life. Those poor soldiers will knock themselves out while their commanders act like royalty.

"We're always looking for a gimmick. We say give them the M16 (automatic assault rifle), the M79 (grenade launcher), the M60 (machinegun) and it will win the war. Or give them a Jeep. There are thirty thousand goddam Jeeps in this country with thirty thousand drivers—which is three divisions. But the key thing is well-motivated soldiers who are superbly led. We could get good Vietnamese military leaders if we paid them money galore. Why not? We spend a fortune in artillery shells every night blowing monkeys out of the goddam jungle."

Colonel X may be right. But whatever the quality of Southern forces, Charlie hasn't had his big victory yet. American air power has prevented it. Back at home on the evening news Allied dead for the week are usually a few hundred and enemy dead a few thousand; air power makes the difference. And it is air power, air mobility and air resupply that we possess in superabundance and the South Vietnamese possess scarcely at all.

Last year the U.S. Special Forces camps at Bu Prang and Duc Lap on the

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Cambodian border north of Saigon came under siege as thousands of crack NVA troops surrounded them and dug in. Yet after weeks of fighting, during which the enemy attempted to wipe out a major ARVN unit, they failed and were forced to withdraw, leaving 1,500 dead. Allied fatalities: 285 South Vietnamese and 24 Americans killed.

It was a victory, but primarily a victory for American air power. Tactical bombers, mostly U.S., dropped six million pounds of bombs and American B52 Stratofortresses dropped thirty million pounds. (U.S. and Vietnamese artillery, in addition, shared equally in pummeling the enemy with tens of thousands of shells.)

The effectiveness of air power depends on precise control mechanism, and U.S. advisers on the ground and in small observation planes directed the bombing and strafing. The only disaster the ARVN suffered during the battle of Bu Prang occurred when their own air force bombed them by accident, killing more than twenty. U.S. advisers did not direct that strike.

The air show at Bu Prang was unforgettable. The irregular Montagnard troops clustered atop bunkers on the hilltop for hours to watch jets sweeping in over the golden fields and green forests below, so close the explosions often shook the bunkers. Helicopter gunships worked the enemy over between jet strikes and, at night, AC47 Spookies and AC119 Shadows lay down hundreds of rounds per second. The Bu Prang command post log lists air support for one Sunday as twelve sets of helicopter gunships and eight sets of tactical jet bombers. A typical day.

NVA prisoners revealed that enemy strategy against air strikes was to move in very close to friendly troops. It hadn't worked. So precise was the American bombing that observers tell of air strikes within one hundred meters of friendly positions that "blasted enemy bodies into the ARVN foxholes." Prisoners also revealed that planned multibattalion attacks on the camp itself were broken up by U.S. air strikes before they could begin.

Bu Prang-Duc Lap was a victory for the Allies because they slaughtered the enemy and kept him from overrunning the camps or annihilating an ARVN unit. But it was also a victory for the Communists. They demonstrated the will to fight no matter what the cost, and made it clear to all that the Southerners were only saved by massive U.S. air power. Not a victory at the time, but something the South Vietnamese will recall with increasing vividness as U.S. withdrawals continue to accelerate.

In addition, it is not at all clear that the Vietnamese forces are as well equipped as officials claim. "I would say I don't have as good equipment on hand as the Americans do," said Gen. Tri in an interview this June. Tri said he had few spare parts for his M41 tanks, that they could run only six hours before refueling, and that they were vulnerable to enemy hand-held rockets. The tanks had given his forces a lot of trouble as they rampaged across enemy strongholds in Cambodia.

Tri said he needs M48 tanks that run for 24 hours on a tank of gas, are easier to fix and more rocket-resistant. He also complained about a lack of helicopters for troop movement, resupply and for use as gunships. (At this writing, South Vietnam has 150 choppers, three hundred fewer than the U.S. 101st Airborne Div. alone.) "If you don't decide to provide the minimum support elements to our army, how can you claim that this is successful Vietnamization?" he asked.

Here They Come . . .

It appears that the enemy is preparing to take advantage of South Vietnam's many weaknesses. The top South Vietnamese military commander, Gen. Cao Van Vien, said recently that he expects a low degree of fighting until most U.S. troops have gone home. He pointed out that the enemy is building big new base areas in Cambodia in preparation for a long campaign. "Resolution Fourteen," a top Vietcong policy document, also says Communist strategy is aimed at preserving manpower for a big push next year.

Many sources in Vietnam think the big push may come sooner. They say the tremendous caches in Cambodia were intended for a big attack on Saigon and other major cities after the departure of American combat troops, and that the caches are being rapidly replenished. About eighty thousand enemy soldiers from the North have already infiltrated into South Vietnam since the beginning of 1970.

As this article goes to press, the enemy is massing thousands of troops in waves of attacks against seven Allied base camps in what may foreshadow a major offensive against the populous coastal lowlands south of the DMZ. This is one of three key regions that Admiral McCain said are now fully in Vietnamese hands.

The pattern of attack is the classic one. The enemy is shelling the camps and apparently concentrating on Vietnamese units operating in and around them. The Associated Press reported that on August 17 the entire Pacific Fleet of one hundred B52s struck the area in an attempt to sidetrack the offensive, dropping three thousand tons of bombs on "suspected enemy positions."

One comes away from a year in Vietnam with what can only be described as a bad feeling. Home is the hunter from the ambiance of sorrow, where the long conversations with soldiers, bureaucrats, advisers and coffeehouse intellectuals seemed to drift off in rivers of unstated despair. For many Vietnamese, it is not unthinkable that the Communists may one day rule. That's tough for any American to understand. It's tough to understand the general antipathy toward Americans, too. And toughest of all to understand where they're going to get the guts to win the war, settle the chaotic economy, appease the dissenting minorities and stabilize the wild politics.

It would be easy to come away from Vietnam quoting the computers and predicting victory. It would not be honest. The feeling is that of a neophyte at poker betting heavily on a straight. Across the table sits the tough slickie of the mournful face. He lays down the final ace of his full house, a sly smile twisting his lips. He says, "Read it and weep." □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Weathermen and Fort Sumter

HARRY V. JAFFA

MR. CLYDE WILSON takes issue with my comparison of ıe South Carolinians who fired upon 'ort Sumter with the Weathermen and lack Panthers of today ["Letters," lov. 3]. They were, he insists, "as dif-:rent as night and day." These South-rners were "conservatives seeking to helter their society against the Weath-rmen of their time, typified by John rown and his cutthroats, who had been endered respectable by the capture of ıe Presidency by the respectable po-tical wing of their movement (i.e., the tepublican Party)." "How can Dr. Jaf-a," Mr. Wilson asks, "equate secession, ıe probably constitutional and certainly rderly and legalistic expression of the ıajority will of a semisovereign political ommunity (antebellum state) acting on onservative motives and instincts, with he acts of revolutionaries and terror-sts?"

Of course, I do not agree that secession was lawful, although I might agree hat it was "legalistic," meaning thereby n attempt to invest illegality with the ppearance of legality. Nor is it strictly peaking correct to describe an antebellum state as "semisovereign." I cite herein the authority of John C. Calhoun, who once declared that sovereignty was like chastity: It cannot be urrendered in part. Either the states vere sovereign, or the nation; there was ıo logically intermediate position, assuming the understanding of sovereignty hen current on all sides.

The interesting question dividing Mr. Wilson and me is, however, whether the ecessionists or the national government, nd in particular the national Administration presided over by Abraham Lincoln, represented the conservative position in 1860 and 1861. As American conservatives, we cannot disavow revolution as such; after all, our oldest tradition is that of *the* Revolution. Nor can ve deny the legitimacy of force in support of right. But I hold that the firing ıpon Fort Sumter was a wrongful use of force against the Government of the Jnited States, for that government was then, as it is now, the freest and most just that has ever been seen upon the face of this earth. Those who then fired upon the flag had no more reason than Panthers or Weathermen now to do so. This government is not, and was not perfect, yet it had then as it has now, all reasonable means for its amendment within itself. Certainly the alternative proposed for itself by the Confederacy was one by which no political community could live.

In his first inaugural address, Abraham Lincoln pointed out that all the constitutional controversies then dividing the nation were such as required decision by constitutional majorities. No explicit clauses of the Constitution were being violated, and no one could even pretend that such was the case. All the matters in dispute were matters of interpretation. In such cases, Lincoln said, "if the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other. If a minority, in such case, will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which, in turn, will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refused to be controlled by such a minority." This assertion was, I believe, prophetic. The South was never conquered by Northern arms. The best historian of the Confederacy has declared as its epitaph: died of states' rights.

MR. WILSON ATTEMPTS somehow to implicate the Republican Party of 1860 with John Brown's raid. But that is something no historian has ever succeeded in doing. No Republican ever had anything to do with that episode, and it is utterly false to suggest that the Republican Party was in any sense a wing of John Brown's movement. Moreover, Abraham Lincoln did not "capture" the Presidency, in the pejorative sense implied by Mr. Wilson. He was elected to it, in a regular and constitutional manner. The firing upon Fort Sumter was then an affront to the very life principle of constitutionalism, in accordance with which, those who cannot gain their end by ballots—in a free, fair election, in which minority rights and freedom of speech and association have been observed—shall not seize that end by bullets. From this standpoint, I reaffirm the analogy between totalitarian radicals of today, and the rebels against the United States of 1861.

The crucial issue however has to do with the rightness and the wrongness of the causes in conflict, then and now. The Southern cause of 1861 was wrong, not merely because it involved the use of illegal force, but because it was devoted to the extension and perpetuation of slavery. Neither Lincoln nor the Republican Party in 1860 ever claimed either the power or the purpose to interfere with slavery in South Carolina, or in any other state where slavery already existed. They claimed only the power to exclude it from federal territories, where it had never hitherto existed. The Civil War was fought over the question of whether the Constitution of the United States demanded the expansion or the containment of slavery. The dialectics of this controversy are far too complicated to enter here; it is sufficient to note that how this matter was looked upon by any partisan depended upon whether he believed slavery to be itself an intrinsic good or an intrinsic evil.

Lincoln and the Republicans generally —who were not abolitionists—held that it was evil, because by the "laws of Nature and of Nature's God . . . all men are created equal," and because they are equally endowed by their Creator with the rights to life and to liberty. Moreover, this was the *conservative* view, because it was the view of the Signers and the Framers. The opinions of Jefferson and Madison—the principle draftsmen of the Declaration and the Constitution respectively—are unequivocal and unquestionable on this point. We might add that this too is the Southern tradition at its best, and the only one consistent with a conservatism that can be both Southern and national. Abraham Lincoln, in his eulogy of Henry Clay in 1852, said of him what might have been said of each of the great statesmen of the founding period (as it might have been said of Lincoln himself): "Cast into life where slavery was already widely spread and deeply seated, he did

(Continues on page 1419)

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ON CAMPUS AND OFF

'Free Them Now!'

DAVID BRUDNOY

BOSTON, December 7. Twenty-nine years ago today, this country was dragged into its first major Asian war by a Japan bent on conquest of the entire Orient. America is still fighting in Asia, kept there because of another menace, an ideology determined to rule the world, determined still, despite all that we hear about the nonexistence of "monolithic world Communism," to enslave men's minds and bodies. Our several hundred thousand GIs fighting in Vietnam are trying to help the legitimate government of that nation repulse invasion from the North and subversion from an internal fifth column, the Vietcong. A smaller number of our men sit rotting in North Vietnamese prison camps, deprived of even the minimum treatment prescribed by the Geneva Convention, forbidden usually to correspond with their families, their government kept even from knowing their exact number and names by the late Uncle Ho's government of peace and love. And they are detained in such conditions partly because, with few exceptions, their own countrymen have forgotten them.

The recent courageous although abortive mission to rescue some of those prisoners is regularly castigated in the American press as an "unwarranted invasion" of North Vietnam, laughed at as a "John Wayne mission," derided by congressmen with their polite sneers and by academicians with their usual loathing for everything American. (The first time in quite a while that I've felt like smacking someone was last week, when a fellow history teacher at Northeastern blithely chewed out the rescue mission as more American "imperialism.")

Young Americans for Freedom is one of the few groups at home which is sufficiently concerned about the plight of American prisoners in North Vietnam to do anything about it. Last night, in subfreezing temperatures augmented by a 35-mph wind, Massachusetts YAF staged a rally on Boston Common to dramatize the situation. Coming a year to the day after Mass-YAF's first rally in support of America's role in Vietnam, this gathering on behalf of the prisoners was more moving, although the impossible weather kept the crowd small. No one marred the evening with irrelevant chants; none of the hoody types who showed up in 1969 detracted from the evening's solemnity.

With one exception, speeches were brief and to the point. After an invocation and the national anthem, a group of four young kids decked out in red jackets, blue shirts, and white ties sang "America, Wake Up," their breath visible as they strummed their instruments. Mass-YAF chairman Daniel Rea, the only person on the platform who didn't look as if he were about to expire from frostbite, introduced the speakers, including Donald Feder, regional director of YAF, who delineated the nature of the free world's struggle with Communism. Then the wife of one POW and the father of another told about their men in North Vietnamese prisons and asked us not to forget, not to let the flush of enthusiasm for ending the war blind us to the reality of Hanoi's version of "civilization."

Al Capp, who has helped YAF repeatedly this past year with money, time and advice, commended the audience (which he likened in appearance to characters out of his Lower Slobbovia freezing in the snows) for being "the best people in America, the people who care." I suppose we needed the boost; we were undoubtedly the coldest people in America for those three hours. Sudenly, Commander Lloyd Bucher, who flew in from the West Coast for the rally, appeared on stage. Capp embraced the skipper of the *USS Pueblo* who, with tears in his eyes, spoke for nearly half an hour about the horror of imprisonment by Communists. "I appeal to each of you to pray to God that this nightmare of sorrow be lifted" from the American POWs. Bucher and Capp both urged the group to send postcards to Hanoi to show that the American people demand decent treatment for the prisoners.

Army Colonel Joseph Cataldo, the only physician to participate in the raid on Sontay prison camp, told of the preparations that had been made both in Vietnam and at the Army research laboratories near Boston, exhibiting some of the mission's equipment, like baby food in special containers which he had insisted be prepared for the prisoners, who undoubtedly would have been unable to go directly to more appetizing food. Cataldo's simple explanation of his mission, Bucher's emotional appeal, Capp's enthusiasm and firm determination—all that and the presentations of the other speakers gave the evening a tone of commitment to a cause too long ignored.

HANOI WILL NOT "free them now." That we know. The American government continues to refuse to win the war, although it could be won if Washington attended less to the shrieks of leftists on campus and more to the arguments of military strategists who know that America's cessation of bombing gives Hanoi the advantage. But Hanoi does listen to American opinion as demonstrated in letters, rallies such as this one on the eve of Pearl Harbor Day, petitions such as those YAF has been distributing for eventual submission to North Vietnam; perhaps Hanoi listens more to these gestures than to the diplomats in Paris. Hanoi will not free our prisoners now, but possibly Hanoi will be more disposed to treat them with some decency. World opinion, which provides the only arena in which North Vietnamese propaganda is meaningful, can be turned in the direction of a greater interest in the American prisoners. We will not win the war because our government does not intend to win it. But perhaps we can save a few lives and make the fate of those prisoners less terrible, by rallies such as that on Boston Common last evening, and by participating in YAF's petition campaign. □

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ALASKAN INTERLUDE

Christmas at Sixty Below

PATRICIA S. COYNE

FAIRBANKS suffered one of its worst recorded cold spells the winter we kept our first Christmas. The temperature hit forty below on Thanksgiving and fell steadily through December.

And it was always at least ten degrees colder in the Flats, a sunken shanty town, two miles from Fairbanks and two miles from the University of Alaska. In winter the Flats is a frozen wasteland, always dark, the ice-fog hanging like a shroud. My husband and I lived in a jerry-built apartment house there. John was a student and rents were cheap.

By the first week in December it was 45 below. Getting places began to be a problem, especially for us, since we didn't own a car. (I'll always remember watching my husband set off on foot for the University on those pitch-black Arctic mornings in a cloud composed of ice-fog and his own breath. Someone always picked him up before he died.) But we'd resolved to give our first baby, who'd be a year old in March, an honest-to-God Dickensian Christmas. John would get a tree and I would shop—as soon as the weather broke.

But it didn't break. By December 20 the official temperature read minus fifty-five. And it was always ten degrees colder in the Flats. I began to leave the kitchen stove on all day, much to the dismay of the landlady, a Tugboat Annie type who always seemed about to spit on the floor. We had a tiff about the stove and my husband retaliated by enrolling her in the record clubs and reducing programs advertised in the December *Esquire* and *Playboy*. Intellectuals are dangerous when aroused.

Two days before Christmas the temperature touched minus sixty. It became obvious that if we were going to keep Christmas we'd have to start preparing in spite of the weather. First I had to shop.

When the temperature reaches sixty below, going out isn't simple. Your toes numb immediately, so you can forget them, but the raw air sears your lungs, and so you try to breathe through your mittens. And it's hard to keep your eyes open, for the cold burns them, yet if you try to blink too slowly, your lashes freeze together. Nevertheless I bundled up, caught a bus into Fairbanks, bought some decorations, a Raggedy Ann and a bottle of bourbon, and gave up. Luckily there were packages from the grandparents. But there was still the tree.

Late on the afternoon of the 23rd my husband wrapped himself up in parka and mukluks and set out into the ice-fog with his axe. By 10 P.M. he hadn't returned. The radio mentioned nothing about anyone finding the frozen body of a young man clutching a Christmas tree, so at midnight I clutched my baby to my bosom and went to bed, to dream fitfully of trees and nonexistent insurance policies. Some time later I woke to the sound of stumbling feet and swishing branches. My husband had made it home. With a tree.

A good thing he took the axe. For reasons I never quite understood, he'd been wandering with it through downtown Fairbanks when he came upon a tall, lush tree leaning up against the door of a bar. He went in, just to make inquiries, of course. The bartender, who'd been sampling his own wares, was congenial and generous. He sympathized with my husband's plight. But then, after a few drinks together, they hit on a beautiful plan. The tree was too damned tall anyhow. So why not cut off the top? Then there'd be two trees. And my husband even had an axe. So they drank to it and did it. And drank to it. And if my husband cared to wait, the bartender would even run him home. They drank to it.

And so we had a beautiful top, and the bartender's wife no doubt delighted in the bottom.

The baby, who seemed uncharacteristically docile, got to bed early Christmas Eve, and we began our preparations. But when we brought in the tree it began to turn brown. It had been frozen, thawed, then refrozen. Completely dead. When we touched it, it rained needles.

Yet, after we'd wedged it into a cinder block, draped it with tinsel and arranged the presents, it did seem nice. We turned on the radio to get the forecast. "Temperature will remain cold tonight with readings in the sixties." My husband and I grimaced at each other. We knew it would be ten degrees colder in the Flats.

The baby was fretful during the night. I was up with her often. Babies are sensitive to atmosphere. I thought perhaps she sensed our excitement.

The apartment was especially cold on Christmas morning and the tree didn't look particularly festive, all greyish brown and surrounded by piles of needles. But we knew the baby would like it anyway. We brought her out for the dramatic first showing, too excited about her reaction to the tree to notice that she was flushed. She took one glassy look, leaned over my shoulder, and threw up. It was her first case of influenza.

Discouraging. And even more discouraging, the temperature in the apartment, never high, seemed to be dropping drastically. The landlady arrived, snarling Christmas cheer. The furnace's coal stoker had stopped working. Would my husband shovel coal until help arrived? Since it was a question of shoveling or freezing, and since the baby was sick, he did. For the rest of Christmas day. As he shoveled and cursed, I brought him bourbon and nursed the baby and cursed. Nothing ever works out in Alaska in the cold.

The weather broke eventually, of course; by March the temperature had climbed to the balmy minus-twenties. Soon we were able to hold the baby up to the window to watch the geese outside. We'd come through it, the bad one, the three of us, together. We were a family.

SPRING CAME and my husband graduated and we spent the next Christmas in a modern high-rise apartment in Denver. Our tree, which my husband bought in a shopping center (he didn't take his axe), stayed lush and green. The baby and her new brother stayed healthy. On Christmas day the temperature unnaturally soared up into the seventies. My husband and I watched the baby on her new tricycle and we remembered the Flats. "Do you miss it?" my husband asked. "Not having Christmas where it's cold?" For some reason I couldn't answer right away. but I looked at the sun and the grass and the baby's bare feet. "No," I answered. "No," I repeated more firmly. "No, I don't miss it a bit." □

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LETTER FROM PARIS

The Film that Shook France

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

L'AVEU, the Costa-Gavras film based on Artur London's horrifying story of innocent men forced to "confess" at the Czech political show trials of the Fifties [see *NR*, "The Confession," Aug. 26, 1969], opened in Paris during the week when Communists everywhere were celebrating the centennial of Lenin's birth. Deliberate or not, the timing was apt, especially as the final shots show Soviet tanks entering Prague and rolling past a wall inscribed "Lenin, wake up! They have gone mad."

"It is the worst blow struck in many years against Communism, or to be exact, at Stalinism and its aftereffects," the critic of *l'Express* wrote. Until the picture has been shown elsewhere (it has just opened in New York), it is impossible to gauge the deadliness of the blow, but as far as France is concerned, it is the most devastating bombshell to hit a political group since the publication of *J'Accuse!*

London's story was this. He was a longtime Communist (from age fourteen), a faithful Communist, who was Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1951 when Stalin decreed a purge of what he regarded as unreliable elements among Jewish leaders in the Iron Curtain satellites. For a number of reasons, London was a suitable victim. He was picked up, tortured, forced to sign a fabricated confession, sentenced to life imprisonment. He was freed only in 1956 when destalinization was at its height. He came out of prison, unbelievably, still convinced that Communism was good, and Stalinism only a perversion of it. He wrote the book on which *L'Aveu* is based.

L'Aveu aroused great excitement in the French press. Most publications printed at least two articles about it. *Figaro* ran five. The publicity instantly shot the film to the top of the box-office hit list and brought London's book back on the best-seller list.

London, Costa-Gavras, Yves Montand, Simone Signoret and most of those connected with the picture are either former party activists or sympathizers. They all still believe in Communism and, what's more, insist that they've made a pro-Communist film. The orthodox Communist press disagrees violently.

Scarcely a day passes without reference to the film in party publications. If no legitimate occasion can be found for its evocation, one is contrived. When Vice Chairman Bukakov of the Soviet State Committee for Cinema, arrived in Paris and was asked to comment, he called *L'Aveu* a lousy anti-Communist picture, and concluded, "I have not seen it and have no intention of seeing it." (His French comrades have less control over their curiosity; those furtive-looking characters who slink into the late show are merely party members hoping not to be seen.)

The *Humanité* review began: "By what tortuous paths, by what distortions voluntarily imposed by the authors, can a concrete truth be emptied of the essentials of its historical content and used for ends contrary to those it purports to serve?" Truth had been tampered with said the critic, and the story taken out of its historical context. An interesting observation when one remembers that it was the Communist Party whose inquisitors forced London to testify that he had been a Titoist during the Spanish Civil War—i.e., before Titoism existed.

IN A *Le Monde* interview, London insisted that the film was faithful to the spirit of the book: "Therefore, it follows that anyone who is against the film and deplores its release is against the book and deplores its publication," a reminder that when the book appeared in September 1968 the French Communist Party accepted it. But, at that time, many French Communists thought Dubcek was right in his reform program. Now, the political non-memory that characterizes leftists has again begun to function. Another wind is blowing from the East, and it is once again in poor taste to dwell on Stalin's crimes. The French Party's condemnation of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia has been toned down to "disapproval"; it has given the Czech government "documents" for use against Dubcek.

Even if these changes had not taken place, the film would have aroused alarm and indignation in party circles. Books are one thing, movies another. The difference becomes obvious when one compares the figures. In two years, forty thousand copies of London's book were sold in all of France, but in the first two weeks of the picture's run 152,134 tickets were sold in Paris alone.

"Who can benefit from this film?" Samuel Lachine asked in *Humanité-Dimanche*. The Trotskyist *Informations Ouvriers* replied, "all those locked in the prisons of Stalin's heirs." A Frenchman, a former party member, just back from Prague says there are also those Czechs who would have been brought to trial had the book never been written.

Jean-Francis Held, writing in *Nouvel Observateur*, admitted: "Anybody who hasn't been in the seraglio will probably have difficulty in understanding [it]." *Canard Enchaîné* makes somewhat the same point in its review of the film, "If you are not a Communist, it will plunge you into a world apart—closed, untranslatable. These people, when they happen to be Frenchmen, may speak your language, be great writers like Aragon, but they will always remain foreigners and incomprehensible." *L'Express'* reviewer concluded: "If Costa-Gavras and his friends are guilty of anything, it is of stimulating thought."

THE SAME IDEA seems to have been in London's mind when he told *Le Monde*'s interviewer: "The shock caused by the film will bring about the 'demystification'—in every sense of the word—of many Communists and help them to rid themselves of the frightening mystical religiosity which leads saints into becoming criminals."

Non-Communists, who have nothing to learn from London's story except the gruesome details of how the confessions were obtained, find the film harrowing, although not shattering as party members do. At a preview, where they made up most of the audience, I saw how it affiected them. The lights went on. There was total silence for nearly a minute before any applause. Then, people filed out slowly, speechless, nodding gravely at friends It was like a funeral procession. It may well have been the funeral of many illusions. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

AUTHORITATIVE OR AUTHORITARIAN?

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

In the December 1 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, James Burnham gave us a lengthy and impressive analysis of the contemporary decay of moral and social authority. And in the course of a tentative consideration of the possibilities of a restoration of authority, he raised a number of questions, the most important of which is whether the "authoritative" in society can be reconstituted without the society becoming "authoritarian." By "authoritative" I take him to mean the authority without which civilization cannot subsist; by "authoritarian," a regime based upon force and charisma and approaching, at its extreme, the totalitarian. The question he associates with it, whether authority will be re-established by the Left or the Right is subsumed under this question, because the history of the twentieth century has shown that any authoritative regime from the Left is invariably authoritarian and totalitarian.

The issue, then, is whether a restoration of civilizational authority brought about by the Right is possible with the preservation of individual freedom and without authoritarianism. That question cannot be answered abstractly; it depends upon the actual historical circumstances. Primarily it depends upon what Eric Voegelin calls the particular "symbols of order" upon which a society is based.

This is what makes so abstract the sentence of Donald Zoll that Mr. Burnham quotes: "There is not a 'good' order or a 'bad' order. The antithesis of order is disorder." Of course the antithesis of order is disorder; but the denial of goodness or badness to the social order is a non sequitur. There can be many "orders"—every one of them, better or worse, the antithesis of disorder. But each civilizational order that history records had its individual characteristics that made it better or worse. The Soviet Union is certainly an "order," but it would be a bold man, or a dogmatic anarchist, who would say it is no better or worse than the order still surviving in England or France or the United States.

Historically and presently, order as the bare antithesis of disorder is an abstraction that does not exist in real life. It makes an enormous amount of difference to those who live under it, to say nothing of its civilizational achievements, whether the order is better or worse. If this were not the case, what meaning would there have been to the Declaration of Independence and the ensuing constitutional settlement? Surely the rule of the ministers of George III was an order, not disorder —indeed, a tolerable order—but those who established this country did so to bring into existence a better order.

The Constitution became the primary symbol upon which this country was founded, and under its aegis it has grown. The past forty years have distorted the constitutional framework but they have not destroyed it. Neither are our basic political institutions destroyed nor (and here I agree heartily with Mr. Burnham) does the atmosphere of cities like New York, of the elite universities and of the media dominate the great majority of Americans, who hold to the moral and political attitudes that the constitutional settlement expressed.

In Voegelin's terms, therefore, the symbols of order which have held our society together are still strong, if submerged. For our constitutional settlement contained the necessary elements of authority to hold society together, and those elements remain available to any leadership that will make use of them. Authority can be recovered *within the Constitution*, given the will. Such a recovery would be sufficiently authoritative to maintain America's free order.

Our constitutional settlement was not a liberal settlement, despite the efforts of a generation of liberals, led by Louis Hartz, to maintain that it was. Certainly if our constitutional regime continues long under the interpretation and rule of liberalism—now that liberalism has brought into being its radical nihilist offspring—it could indeed die. But that would be the work of liberalism; it would not prove that the symbols of nearly two hundred years of American existence are in themselves incapable of presiding over an orderly society.

IF THEY WERE, it would indeed be necessary to resort to authoritarianism to maintain order. An authoritarian regime by its very nature breaks with the established traditions of a society, destroys its institutions, and replaces its symbols of order with new symbols sustained by arbitrary force. It is justifiable only at the extreme, when established symbols of order have been completely washed away and no other recourse remains to preserve social existence, no matter how tyrannically. But the American tradition is alive and needs but leadership that will revindicate it in the centers of power.

If liberalism is indeed moribund, as I believe it is, not a small part of the cause has been the growing strength of conservatism, of the conservative endeavor to restore by constitutional means the authority of the Constitution, without riding roughshod over the legitimate freedoms of American citizens. This movement in its present form has existed for a mere fifteen or twenty years—a very short time, as history goes, if a long time for individual human beings. But to lose patience with constitutional means, to play with concepts of a sharp and simple authoritarian solution to our problems is to forget the first lesson of conservatism—that we must build on what we have inherited, on what, in the case of the American Constitution, is close to two centuries of achievement. Solutions that simplify by sweeping away tradition to establish raw authoritarian regimes are, as the history of the world in this century testifies all too clearly, solutions fraught with terror and agony. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

ROLL ON, O YULETIDE!

THE GENERAL DISRUPTION of our lives that heralds the holiday season is with us once more. We will have to cope with premature, leaking, Christmas parcels ("Do Not Open . . ."), with frantic in-laws asking our advice on gifts for hypochondriacal nieces, with drinkers sloshed on Chartreuse and self-pity for the Yuletide of yore when the snow was whiter. There will be the usual mountains of food, inspiring the folks with greed and angst. And there will be fatigue, fatigue. Since ideally the day after Christmas we should have nothing more than a hangover and indigestion, here are a few recipes for plainer and cheaper living, which can be prepared ahead of time. But first things first.

HANGOVER CURES. Your kindly Mother Hazelton is always on the lookout for new ones, but there are hardly any that have not been printed here before [*NR*, Jan. 14, 1969]. This one is courtesy of my son Tony who learnt it at his Virginia college: Step 1. Upon retiring, do as the Romans: In the bathroom, stick your fingers into your throat. Step 2. Take 2 aspirins, with a large glass of water. Step 3. Upon arising: 1 aspirin, 1 Bromo Seltzer, followed by 1 can of warm beer. From a London friend, who wants to be anonymous: Upon arising, take a hot bath into which you have poured 2 packages of baking soda. Then drink an Alka or Bromo Seltzer and then neat brandy (quantities optional). From Roger Peacock, in Oxford: A drink mixed with 2 parts champagne and 1 part brandy, with 1 ice cube. From the ancient Romans, via Dr. John D. Haynes of the Florida Agriculture Extension Services: Take 3 tablespoons honey when you get up. Then take an additional 3 tablespoons honey about 3 hours later and eat a bland chilled fruit, such as an apple or pear.

The Colonel's Clear Soup

8 to 10 cups good strong beef consomme
1 large tart apple, not peeled, but cored and sliced
2 medium onions, sliced
1 tablespoon grated fresh or unsweetened coconut*
1 tablespoon curry powder, or curry powder to taste
3 chicken backs or legs, or the carcass of a cooked chicken or duck or turkey

Combine all the ingredients in a deep kettle. Simmer covered for 1 to 2 hours, skimming as needed. Strain the soup. If a very clear soup is wanted, clarify in the usual manner as described in any good standard cookbook, and boil up again before serving, very hot. Serves six. If you think you are going to be very wan the morning after, make the soup the day before and keep it in a Thermos by your bedside.

* Practically all canned coconut is sweetened. Rinse it under running cold water to get off as much sugar as possible; it will do for the recipe.

Now for the make-life-easier recipes.

Cooked Onion Salad

Good with cold cuts or leftover roast beef or chicken. Serves eight.

½ cup olive oil
30 to 35 small white onions, peeled (the smaller the onions, the better)
2 garlic cloves, mashed
½ cup white or cider vinegar
¼ cup water
Freshly ground pepper; salt
2 tablespoons Dijon or other prepared mustard (good quality, preferably imported)
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ cup seedless raisins, soaked in lukewarm water until soft, and drained

Combine the olive oil and the onions in a large, deep skillet. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until the onions are golden. Add the garlic, the vinegar, the water, salt and pepper to taste, the mustard, cloves, cinnamon and the raisins. Simmer covered over low heat until the onions are barely tender. Check for moisture: The onions should be almost dry. If too liquid, cook without a cover; if too thick, add a little more water, a tablespoon at a time; all this depends on the size of your skillet and the tightness of its lid which regulate the evaporation. Chill before serving.

My version of a popular Latin American hamburger stew. For four.

Picadillo

2 tablespoons salad oil
3 garlic cloves (or to taste), minced
1 large onion, thinly sliced
1 pound lean ground beef, such as round
Freshly ground pepper; salt
½ cup dry white or red wine
2 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped (stick the tomato on a fork, hold it briefly in boiling water and it will peel easily; tomato peel in a dish is vulgar)
½ cup dark or light raisins, soaked in lukewarm water until soft, and drained
½ cup pimiento-stuffed olives, cut into quarters
1 green pepper, seeded and cut into strips

Heat the oil in a heavy saucepan. Cook the garlic and the onion in it until they are soft and golden. Add the meat, and cook over medium heat 3 minutes stirring frequently. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add the wine, the tomatoes, the plumped raisins and the olives. Simmer covered over low heat for about 10 to 15 minutes. Add the green pepper strips and cook for 2 minutes longer; they should be crisp. Serve with boiled rice. (Note: If the dish is cooked in advance, add the pepper only when you reheat it.)

Lemon Dressing

Good on tomatoes and cooked vegetables such as chick peas, green beans, broccoli, cauliflower and onions, as well as hard-cooked eggs and seafood. Makes one generous cup.

¾ cup olive oil
⅓ cup *fresh* lemon juice
Grated rind of 2 lemons
1 teaspoon salt

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Dismal Decade for the Academy

ROBERT NISBET

Remembering the Answers: Essays on the American Student Revolt
By Nathan Glazer
Basic Books, 311 pp., $7.95

"How does a radical, a mild radical, it is true, but still one who felt closer to radical than to liberal writers and politicians in the late 1950s, end up a conservative, a mild conservative, but still closer to those who call themselves conservative than to those who call themselves liberal in the early 1970s?"

Nathan Glazer's answer to his eminently timely question is what this important, sometimes moving, impeccably intelligent and always fascinating book is about. Currently a professor in the social sciences at Harvard, he has taught in several American universities and colleges including, during the fateful years 1963-1968, the University of California, Berkeley. He is also co-author with David Riesman of *The Lonely Crowd* and with Daniel P. Moynihan of *Beyond the Melting Pot*. It would be hard to find a better combination of astute social scientist and perceptive reporter than Professor Glazer. And he has achieved this, as the opening question suggests, by being in, if also generally above, the winds and crosswinds of ideology and politics during the past couple of decades.

No one, before about 1964, foresaw the fury of the campus revolts which have made the 1960s the single most critical, crisis-ridden decade in the history of American higher education. We can therefore award laurels not to the prescient but to the perceptive: to those who, once the storm broke, earliest reached the conclusion that these revolts on the campus were different from any that had ever taken place before in this country; not merely different, but more ominous. And Nathan Glazer, on the incontestable evidence of the chronologically arranged essays, which form this book, was among the very first. Reading his brilliant "What Happened at Berkeley?," written in December 1964 for *Commentary*, it would be difficult to think of much that could be added even today to make it better than it is. The whole tragic drama, reaching in time from 1964 to 1970, in space from Berkeley to Harvard, lies contained in the insights and foresights of this extraordinary essay.

What a dismal decade it has proved to be for the American university. As Professor Glazer notes in his introduction to the volume, with as much melancholy as justified triumph, no one, not even the most ardent member of the New Left, can find anything in the revolts on the campus that has in fact improved the university. Curriculum, policy, nature of faculty, objectives and structure, all these remain about as they were in 1960. That is, on the campus itself. What has changed, monumentally, perhaps fatally, is the role of the university in the social order. Whereas down until about 1960 the university had come to have something of the place in modern American society that the Church had had in medieval Europe, it would be hard to find any institution today the subject of as much hostility, apprehension and, worst of all, spreading indifference from those inside and outside its walls.

What enormities of academic conscience, what banalities of academic intelligence proved to be, with rare exceptions, the yield of the professorial mind in the face of vandalistic assault from within. For every Sidney Hook, Seymour Lipset and Nathan Glazer there have been a hundred, alas, convinced that somehow the union of professorial dishonesty and student hoodlumism, in the name of Vietnam or civil rights or whatever, could result in a university stronger and more idealistic than ever—if only the American people would look the other way, all the while continuing, of course, their substantial monetary contributions to the universities and colleges.

We can be grateful, though, for the few, with Nathan Glazer pre-eminent among them in insight and awareness from the outset, who saw, just as a man named Edmund Burke saw in 1789, that the most tyrannous of all eruptions of power are precisely those which trumpet their appearance with notes of reason, idealism and freedom. Most faculty members, and just about all newspaper and television reporters, were fascinated, even hypnotized, by the rhetorical plumage of the Free Speech Movement (FSM) at Berkeley. But not Professor Glazer, whose essay on the subject—written, I repeat, at the very beginning of the Berkeley ugliness—notes brilliantly the contrast between the insurrectionaries' "coherent and tightly knit cadre, sharing very much the same philosophy and outlook" and the ridiculously unprepared, large, sprawling and bitterly divided faculty and administration. It is one of the mer-

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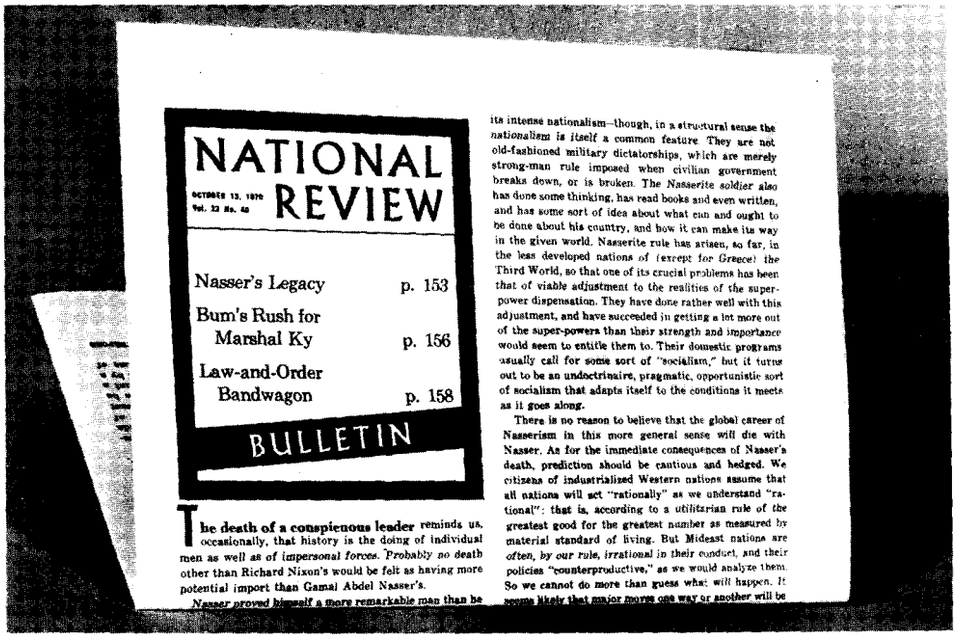
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BULLETIN
The death of a conspicuous leader reminds us, occasionally, that history is the doing of individual men as well as of impersonal forces. Probably no death other than Richard Nixon's would be felt as having more potential import than Gamal Abdel Nasser's.
its intense nationalism—though, in a structural sense the nationalism is itself a common feature. They are not old-fashioned military dictatorships, which are merely strong-man rule imposed when civilian government breaks down, or is broken. The Nasserite soldier also has done some thinking, has read books and even written, and has some sort of idea about what can and ought to be done about his country, and how it can make its way in the given world. Nasserite rule has arisen, so far, in the less developed nations of (except for Greece) the Third World, so that one of its crucial problems has been that of viable adjustment to the realities of the super-power dispensation. They have done rather well with this adjustment, and have succeeded in getting a lot more out of the super-powers than their strength and importance would seem to entitle them to. Their domestic programs usually call for some sort of "socialism," but it turns out to be an undoctrinaire, pragmatic, opportunistic sort of socialism that adapts itself to the conditions it meets as it goes along.
There is no reason to believe that the global career of Nasserism in this more general sense will die with Nasser. As for the immediate consequences of Nasser's death, prediction should be cautious and hedged. We citizens of industrialized Western nations assume that all nations will act "rationally" as we understand "rational": that is, according to a utilitarian rule of the greatest good for the greatest number as measured by material standard of living. But Mideast nations are often, by our rule, irrational in their conduct, and their policies "counterproductive," as we would analyze them. So we cannot do more than guess what will happen. It seems likely that major moves one way or another will be

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its of this splendid essay that it shows exactly why opposition to the revolutionary cadre was so confused, spastic and self-destructive. Berkeley had ceased to be a community; had become a corporation, and not a very efficient one by any standard. The student insurrectionaries did not break down university authority. It was the prior breakdown of authority that gave them ample and free room for their guerrilla farce.

THROUGHOUT THESE ESSAYS one can see the roots of the insurrection in politicization; not merely the politicization that went with, that constantly accelerated during, the insurrection, but the politicization of the American university that led up to 1964. In a variety of respects, the university had become a very political arena, with the trade of politics in all its forms—litigation, caucusing, formation of blocs and parties, adversary relationships and confrontations, issue after issue appearing overnight to give content to these blocs, parties and caucuses—regarded increasingly as being fully as estimable a trade as that older trade, the basis of the university guild, of scholarship and teaching. How, we are obliged to ask today, could the revolution *not* have broken out first at a Berkeley—the most notorious, by 1960, of all academic political arenas?

With chronic politics goes, almost as though by a law of nature, chronic litigation—and the omnipresent lawyer! I admire all of Professor Glazer's essays, but his "Campus Rights and Responsibilities," written nearly two years ago, seems to me the most useful for all who would seek to descry the next phase of the American political Left's relentless assault on the academic community. For in this essay we are privileged to see the already substantial conversion of the academic community into what is shortly going to be little more than an arena of litigation, with lawyers from within and without succeeding the primitives who threw rocks and laid bombs, with astutely devised legal stratagems succeeding noisy and violent demonstrations. It is a mark of Professor Glazer's own understanding of the academic community and of the delicate character of the academic bond that he emphasizes repeatedly in this superb piece how basically inappropriate to academic freedom and authority are the legal mechanisms and procedures which have been devised over the centuries for the citizen's protection in the public domain. Not merely inappropriate but downright destructive.

"I appreciate, as does every faculty member, the guidance of lawyers on such matters as free speech, trespass, double jeopardy, due process and the like. But on the whole I take the position that the introduction into the university of legal principles and practices drawn from the operations of the body politic and civil society would hurt rather than help universities and colleges."

The subjunctive in Professor Glazer's final words has been made, of course, otiose. Already, in many parts of the country, scores of distinctively academic matters, rising from the university's very essence, are on the way to the courts, or shortly will be. Willing members of the law schools, outside lawyers looking for spectacular cases, and judges ignorant of the nature of the academic community, of academic authority, and of the fragile character of the academic bond will, present trends continuing, succeed in accomplishing the destruction of the traditional university with an ease that will make the noisy FSM look cretinous. □

Hope against Hope
By Nadezhda Mandelstam. Translated from the Russian by Max Hayward, with an introduction by Clarence Brown
Atheneum, 431 pp., $10

A DEATH IN SIBERIA

GUY DAVENPORT

Osip Emilievich Mandelstam (1891-1938), one of the greatest poets of the twentieth century, died in a labor camp in Siberia, of cold, typhus or starvation, perhaps of all three. His wife, the author of these memoirs, does not know exactly when, how or where he died. He was ill, he was dressed in borrowed trousers and a second-hand, cracked yellow leather overcoat; so much is known. The crime for which he was sentenced to hard labor in Siberia was a poem.

The poem was never published. It was merely recited to close friends, never more than one at a time. It found its way to the ears of the secret police.

The poem, which has yet to be translated well into English, says that people under the Soviet tyranny never talk so as to be overheard, but that their whispered conversations always get around to the subject of the lout in the Kremlin, whose fingers are fat and whose cockroach grin is reflected in the high polish of his jackboots. He is served by a flattering pack of limp-necked henchmen who burble and toady when he huffs and points his finger. Then they hammer out iron laws with which they maim and crush the people. He chuckles, this stout-chested barbarian from the Caucasus, when he hears how many of his people he has murdered.

Mrs. Mandelstam begins her account of her life with the poet soon after the poem has been laid before Stalin. The police arrive at midnight, noting right off that in the apartment of an intellectual they do not see the Marxist-Leninist classics prominently displayed. They search all night. The next day a higher-ranking police officer comes and makes a more thorough search. Mandelstam is arrested, grilled in the notorious Lubianka Prison, and sentenced to the work gangs that were digging the White Sea Canal. But this sentence is commuted to exile—four years of thousand-mile train journeys, existence in the corners of other people's rooms, and of begging. This agony ended for Mandelstam in Siberia. For his wife, who was 71 this past October, it has lasted for 36 years.

The Mandelstams were befriended (as best anybody can befriend non-persons in Russia) by Viktor Shklovsky, who managed to evade the police (by discretion and adaptation), and by the great poetess Anna Akhmatova, who didn't. The atmosphere of suspicion and betrayal that suffuses Mrs. Mandelstam's memoirs is like a poison gas. When a despairing voice remarked to Mandelstam that the Soviets were apparently trying to eradicate all thinking and creative people, Mandelstam replied that it was the mind itself that they were trying to obliterate.

THE BEAUTIFULLY PACED PLOT of these memoirs, in which digression and anecdote flow with rhythmic ease in and out of a progression of rising suspense, is itself an allusion to the brilliant school of writers in which Mandelstam was one of the most inventive. Mrs. Mandelstam's story is very much a Formalist novel, built up like Shklovsky's *Sentimental Journey* (which was inspired by *Tristram Shandy*, a work that appeared to the young Russians in 1918 to be "cubist"). The book is therefore unpublishable in Moscow by reason of its shape alone (Formalism being outlawed), though its subject matter, opinions and unabashed outspokenness would have been quite sufficient to keep it from being printed.

The world of which Mrs. Mandelstam writes is as new to American readers as an account of life on Mars. Only recently

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has the history of Russian writing in the twentieth century become known in any coherent way. Vladimir Markov's *Russian Futurism* (1968), Clarence Brown's *Prose of Osip Mandelstam* (1965), and Camilla Gray's *The Great Experiment* (1962) have been landmarks in disclosing the extent and significance of Russian writing and art that has had to be recovered from the debris of the Revolution. It is no wonder that Mrs. Mandelstam's memoirs need a 21-page appendix simply to identify the poets and novelists she mentions.

But the biography is not merely a literary history, nor yet a book that expends its considerable energy in disclosing the horror of being hounded by the police of a tyrannical government. It can convey with as informed and powerful a vision as Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle* or *The Cancer Ward* the moral devastation of a people living in fear. It can tell with perhaps a surer voice the sense of loss of Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*. Mrs. Mandelstam frankly prefers the nineteenth to the twentieth century (no worse heresy can be imagined in Soviet thinking); and unlike many of the critics of Russia from inside, is not a critic who believes that the Communist Revolution was betrayed by Stalin. She is flatly against Communism and all its works.

MANDELSTAM was not a political writer in any sense. His prose and poetry are difficult (comparable, say, to that of Mallarmé). He was as pure a poet as can be imagined. He was a Christian. It is difficult to think of another government that Mandelstam's shy, quiet presence could have offended. Nero's perhaps. (There is a curious repetition of the monotonous sameness of tyranny in Mandelstam's being sentenced to dig the White Sea Canal. C. Musonius Rufus, one of the most decent of men, Stoic philosopher, first advocate of the education of women, a simple, noble mind, was sent by Nero to slave in the digging of the Corinth Canal. Mandelstam himself saw a parallel with the exile of Ovid to the Caucasus.)

Any reader, even one for whom literature has no great significance, will be moved and grieved by this book. It is a book with a hero who was called to take an heroic stand by a dictator of incredible cruelty and arbitrariness, and it is also a book with a heroine, for Nadezhda Mandelstam, for all her self-effacing modesty in the telling of her life with Mandelstam, emerges as a woman among women, a voluntary exile with her husband, and the means by which his writing has survived at all. She is presently in a very dubious position, as her authorship of this book will have been known for some time to the KGB. She has, however, learned to live with the worst that her government has to offer her. She has no rights, no official existence, no home. Western friends can still send her detective stories; she has inner resources of great strength; and she has the satisfaction of having told one of the most moving of stories, one for which the world will be eternally grateful. □

The Kumquat Statement
By John R. Coyne Jr.
Cowles, 213 pp., $5.95

KAMPUS KUT-UPS, 1970

C. H. SIMONDS

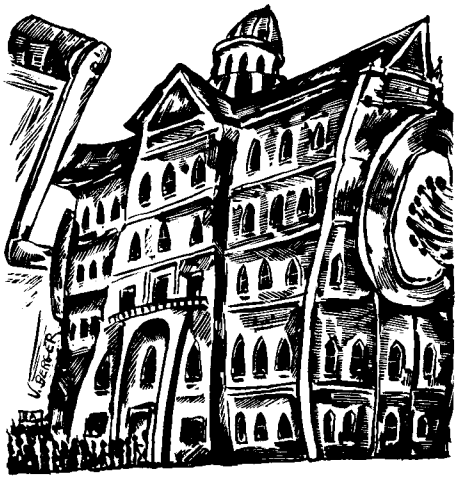
Poor Coyne. They'll never let him come back. Already the flyers must be on their way to every dean's office in the land: pictures, profile and fullface, fingerprints, "if you see this man, do not attempt to apprehend him yourself; contact the nearest office of the AAUP." Tomorrow, some tweedy sub-dean will read it and wince: "My, my, old Coyne —knew him at South Dakota, or was it Iowa? Odd chap, always wore work shoes and blue sweatshirts, terribly soft on Goldwater, warped childhood—went to a one-room school, imagine! Never thought it would come to *this*, though. . . ."

"*This*" is the plain truth about the American university, done into a book as uproarious and frightening in its own way as *Pictures from an Institution* or *Lucky Jim*. With the difference that now, in 1970, fiction no longer suffices, would not be believed; today only reportage can convey the utter corruption of the academy (at least until Coyne gets around to writing the novel that he threatens from time to time).

But surely we know all about the corrupt academy—Russell Kirk and others have fulminated against Behemoth U twenty years, limning its faith in relativism, its bemusement with totalitarian ideology, its cheerful sacrifice of standards in behalf of the lowest common (possible?) denominator. Through all those years of hand-wringing and tut-tutting, liberalism stayed in control of the campus. In 1965, the consequences began to glimmer; five years later, Mario Savio is a back number and the American university appears bound for oblivion down a road that wasn't even on the hand-wringers' map.

It is those five years that Coyne describes, largely from personal experience at Berkeley, where it all started. Remember the "causes"? Free speech, stop-the-draft, racism and the Eldridge Cleaver course, Hayakawa over at San Francisco State, the "people's park." Coyne was there, trying to study the Victorian novel, teach undergraduate courses, feed his family and keep out of the way of the brickbats and tear gas. Now here he comes, back from hell with far from empty hands. From crisis to crisis, he tells the story of the radicalization and decline of a great university. His book is lively, witty and passionate: He cares about the university not for its own sake, but for the country's sake and especially for the sake of his four children. Any American parent, present or prospective, who reads Coyne is bound to do some hard thinking and rethinking.

COYNE FINDS the campus New Left with its posturings and splutterings ridiculous for all that it is sinister. How can so silly a gaggle threaten anything? Because, says Coyne, of the liberal professoriat, for which his contempt is Swiftian. Have a disruption in mind? Cook up a cause that sounds vaguely progressive, and the profs will trot along obediently. Should they balk (as some of them did, for five or ten minutes, over the Cleaver course), work it around to "Academic Freedom" and, ding-a-ling, your campus will be flooded with scholarly saliva. Remember, *anything* can be a violation of academic freedom—even,



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see Coyne, objections to university-subsidized dramatic productions in which faculty members simulate sexual intercourse with students.

Early in the book there is a masterly portrait of the liberal prof (himself the most conventional of men, in the liberal mode) cleverly reducing the value-systems of innocent eighteen-year olds to solipsistic rubble, all the while gazing pruriently at the thighs of the coeds in the front row. The linking is apt: Surely the thrill of intellectually browbeating the defenseless, of rearranging bourgeois kids' heads, must be very nearly erotic. While most folks get their jollies in bed, a few prefer to carve their initials on people's stomachs and a few others teach General Contemporary World Culture and Civilization 101.

The multiversity, too, Coyne dislikes. He has been there, as a Teaching Assistant (the TA is as much a nigger as the student; some of the passages describing what the life is like are downright Kafkaesque). He regrets mass "education" right along with Kirk et al.—and proceeds to the logical conclusion: "As the universities proliferate, they mass-produce at an alarming rate a whole new yet-to-be-defined class . . ." That class, the student proletariat, disoriented by the bullying of its teachers and by the well-advertised soullessness (people have kept their souls in order in more terrible places) of the multiversity, is ripe. The exploiters cook up their cause, knowing that the troops are ready.

ENTER those odd creatures made necessary by the multiversity, the administrators—usually to exit very quickly, spines turned to jelly. We can't *blame* them, really. It wasn't supposed to be this way. It was supposed to be a nice orderly job involving punched cards and flow charts, such a respectable job, not like business at all. Then somebody gets rambunctious, and everybody hates the administrator—the students, the faculty (Coyne wonders why, when administrators have "created a system . . . that is the closest thing on the continent to an Eastern European Marxist state"), and the taxpayers.

There you have it—the institution that the Revolution seems about to bring crashing down, taking, says Coyne, "other less stable institutions" with it, eventually the whole country. I have to disagree: I can think of no institution in American society less stable than the university. What if the university were to disappear tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock? We would be in trouble. Soon we would run short of physicians, engineers, scientists and all the other technicians who keep the machine going (and it must be kept going for all its evils; the New Left's alternative, a vague primitive communism, is a dream the factification of which would require the death of half to three-quarters of our population).

Ah, but what would happen if that bloated, overcrowded, directionless part of the university devoted to the "liberal arts" were to disappear, leaving the schools of medicine, engineering, law et cetera to function undisturbed; that is, permitting those students who come to college with some concrete goal in mind beyond the diploma-ritual to continue their education? Soon we would face a critical shortage of, oh, sociologists, pleonasts, would-be professors, armed revolutionaries. The *New York Review of Books* might even have to close.

Beg pardon? Our-Cultural-Heritage would cease to be handed down? Come *on*. The typical liberal arts student is fortunate if he can find an occasional morsel of that heritage in the stew of existentialism, ideology and eyewash he's fed in those four years. The academy has diluted and distorted Our-Cultural-Heritage to unrecognizability. The revolutionary assault on the university, after all, merely ratifies conservatism's critique of the university.

And what are we to do with the youth who wants to be not a doctor, not a space scientist, but an expert on, say, Anthony Trollope? What he needs is what Coyne went to the academy in search of: a community of scholars. He won't find one in the multiversity, Coyne makes it clear. The multiversity is dedicated to turning out as many BAs as it possibly can, because we Americans have permitted it to be decided for us that every single one of our children needs, deserves, *must have* a BA.

But the university isn't going to disappear, at least not so long as it is useful to the revolutionaries as a staging area for their attacks on the society outside. So what do we do? Coyne has sounded the alarm; he doesn't pretend to have any quick solutions. He suggests reform of the university, decentralization. Fine—do it, where it's still possible, but better write off Berkeley and several others as total losses. And wouldn't it be nice to get universities out of mass education and back into the cultural-heritage business? □

Private Wants, Public Means
By Gordon Tullock
Basic Books, 288 pp., $6.95

HOW MUCH GOVERNMENT DO WE NEED?

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

Gordon Tullock a braintruster for Norman Mailer? Sounds implausible, but it could be true, at least on the basis of the main message of this little book. I seem to recall that one of Mailer's principal proposals for improving New York City, made while he was running for mayor, was that City Hall should be abolished in favor of much smaller units. Now along comes Professor Tullock with some very sensible theoretical propositions showing how such a system might very well make everyone in Fun City better off.

Subtitled "an economic analysis of the desirable scope of government," Professor Tullock starts with the proposition (unfortunately, not revealed until page 108) that in a democracy governments exist solely to maximize individual preferences. They discharge this function by reducing the bargaining costs involved in "internalizing externalities," which is an economist's shorthand for describing how highways get built and why laws are passed.

Externalities are human-initiated developments, favorable and unfavorable, that affect individuals whose agreement was not obtained to the original action.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *God in the Dock* by C. S. Lewis is a new collection of essays, most in book form for the first time (Eerdmans, $4.95). Lewis' *Chronicles of Narnia* has, incidentally, sold 150,000 sets as seven-volume boxed paperbacks (Collier, $6.95). . . . John (*The Last Hundred Days*) Toland explores the racial overtones of the Japanese thrust during World War II in *The Rising Sun* (Random House, $12.95).

■ JANUARY BOOKS: John Knowles aims another novel at the Kid establishment with *The Paragon*, all about a Concerned Yalie and the insensitive world (Random House, $5.95). . . . *The Four Suns* is an anthropological study of the Mexican Indian by Jacques Soustelle (Grossman, $10).

■ MAGAZINES. Paid circulation figures for the annual issue-nearest-filing-date statements released recently include: *American Opinion*—38,817; *Atlantic*—373,244; *Catholic Currents*—4,719; *Christianity Today*—133,608; *Harper's*—365,304; *Triumph*—26,162.

■ TV. "TV *should* be censored! You can't have those awful new sex movies on TV. It's *repulsive*." No, that isn't Billy Graham speaking. It's from a recent *TV Guide* interview with Mae West.

■ FEBRUARY TITLES: Philip (*A Generation of Vipers*) Wylie is sore at the Liberal Intellectual Establishment (LIE). His new venture in idiosyncratic iconoclasm is *Sons and Daughters of Mom* (Doubleday, $5.95). . . . Two from Arlington House by *NR* contributors: Gerhart Niemeyer's *Deceitful Peace: A New Look at the Soviet Threat* ($6.95) and a collection of W. H. von Dreele's verse with illustrations by Mary Gauerke, *There's Something about a Liberal* ($5.95). . . . The truth is finally out, thanks to the dogged researches of Wallace Reyburn. It wasn't the Earl of Sandwich, it was Thomas Crapper who gave mankind the flush toilet. The saga is recorded in the first biography of Crapper, *Flushed with Pride* (Prentice-Hall, $2.45, paper). Already churning up sales in Britain, the book has been hailed by the *London Times* as "a warm, sensitive, sometimes lyrical account of the development of the loo . . ."

■ COMING IN MARCH: John Dos Passos' last major tour was to *Easter Island* (Doubleday, $6.95). . . . From the same house, *The Passions of the Mind*, wherein Irving Stone grapples with Freud ($10). . . . *Crazy Sundays* by Aaron Latham is about Scott Fitzgerald's Hollywood years (Viking, $10). . . . Robert Conquest, author of the definitive book on the Stalin purges, *The Great Terror*, follows with *The Nation Killers! The Soviet Deportation of Nationalities* (Macmillan, $6.95).

Smoke from a factory, highway billboards and power lawnmowers on Sunday mornings are frequently cited as generating negative externalities, at least for some people; mass immunization programs, attractive neighbors and great works of art usually confer positive externalities. Professor Tullock expands the concept to great lengths, until he has ensnared the utilization of natural resources, national defense, freedom of speech and income distribution, to name just a few.

Since government's task in a democracy is to deal with externalities, it follows that the size of government should be determined by how efficiently it performs the task. It turns out, if I'm reading Tullock correctly, that there are three critical parameters: the nature of the externality, the state of technology and the realities of geography. Given these parameters, plus the preferences of the populace, we can determine the optimal size of the governmental unit that should deal with any particular externality. Tullock suggests that, on this basis, we have far too many overly large governmental units, with the result that the quantity and quality of government services are sub-optimal.

THIS IS NOT a book for the casual reader. It requires, at the minimum, an acquaintance with "micro-theory"—consumer economics—such as that obtained in a first-year college economics course. Furthermore, even an educated layman will find the book more than a little frustrating. It is badly organized, skipping about from one example of "externalities" to another and then back again, occasionally making the same points in the same language. The firm hand of a good editor is sorely lacking. In addition, there are tiresome calls for "more research," until even Professor Tullock starts to laugh at himself. At the conclusion of his discussion on scientific research, he observes, "It would seem that any program for stimulation of scientific research should provide for the stimulation of scientific research on the value of scientific research."

The above criticism suggests that Professor Tullock could have made his points in substantially fewer pages. And to replace the unnecessary repetitions I would have suggested a discussion of two highly relevant questions. First, under what conditions are there savings in having one unit of government responsible for dealing with more than one type of externality? To what extent does it make sense to have separate governmental units to deal with schools, fire protection, sewage and roads? Second, and this applies to most instances when theoretical economists attempt to deal with real world problems, to what extent are proposed theoretical solutions helpful, given the existing imperfections of the real world?

Professor Tullock suggests that Harlem should be an independent municipality within New York City so that it could obtain the optimal quantity and quality of schooling for its children and police protection for its inhabitants. But he fails to discuss the implications of the subsidy that would be required from the rest of the city to maintain the existing level of services, and which no politician would dare reduce.

The real world is not born "de novo" every day, as so much sophisticated economic analysis and prescription assumes. Professor Tullock is better than most of his colleagues in avoiding this assumption, however, and his book provides a fresh and intelligent approach to deciding how large government needs to be to carry out the people's desires. □

JAZZ

FOR THE SILENT MAJORITY

NEIL McCAFFREY

With all the palaver about the counterculture, it's sometimes overlooked that plain old jazz is Middle America's soul music. Though it grew out of the "cribs" off Basin Street and the parades down South Rampart, it broke into the country clubs back in the Twenties, and has been knitting our lives and memories most of the years since.

Oh yes, jazz is still around. Next time you're summoned to the White House, block out a few hours in the evening for a cozy Georgetown spot named Blues Alley. Clarinetist Tommy Gwaltney presides there over a small house band

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whose personnel ranges from pretty fair to superb; they bring in major jazz figures; the food is good, the ambiance relaxed, the prices fair (at least to this benumbed New Yorker); and, mirabile dictu, the college-aged waiters are civilized.

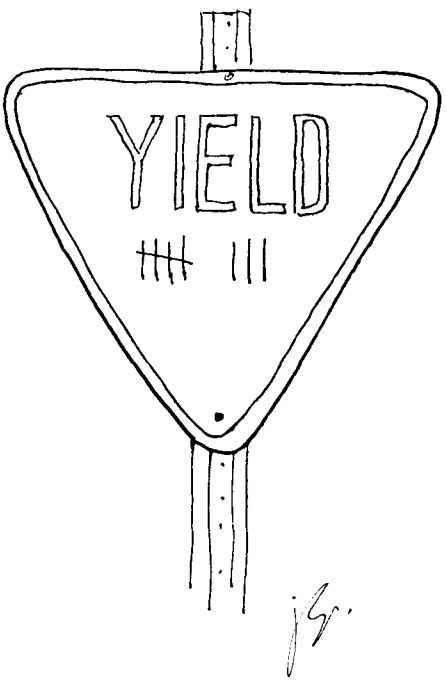
Though the major record labels remain oblivious to the Blues Alley gang, a private label recently captured them on an LP that almost redeems the Sixties (Fat Cat Records FCJ 106; the label doesn't carry a price, but $5 to Box 458, Manassas, Va. should do it). Here the house band is enhanced by the great Wild Bill Davison on cornet (star of *NR*'s recent anniversary party). Davison is joined by another ringer, Herb Gardner on trombone. I confess that Gardner had escaped me until this record, so I was unprepared for a musical miracle. He pushes Wild Bill all the way, and the result is the most exciting dixieland since the years when Davison sat enthroned at Eddie Condon's. Gardner is a big-toned, bumptious trombonist of the George Brunis school, but more musical. His funky growl solo on "The Wreck of the Old '97" might just lift you out of your chair. Then he and Bill battle it out in a chilling last chorus.

Not that anyone *beats* Wild Bill. You just stretch him a little. Sixty-two when these sides were cut in 1968, Davison threatens to push out the frontiers of gerontology. He *bites* his phrases, nasty, and swings with such intensity you wonder if he couldn't make the New York Philharmonic sound like a strolling group. Drummer Dave Tough, between hangovers and during a period in the late Forties when he was taken with the modernists, once called Wild Bill a musical *Gauleiter*. No, Virginia, he's not a Nazi. But if you don't push the metaphor too far, it serves. Wild Bill is one of the all-time heavyweights.

The album is nicely varied and eschews the warhorses. "I'll Be a Friend with Pleasure," title tune of the album, was immortalized by Bix Beiderbecke in 1930 but recorded so far as I know only once since then, by Eddie Condon. Jazzmen have learned too much in forty years for comparisons to make much sense, but the Davison reading earns a place beside Bix's.

Wild Bill doesn't often get to record ballads, so his adventure with "Call Me Irresponsible" is a small milestone. For the rest, the album offers seldom-heard standards like "Who's Sorry Now?" and "Washington and Lee Swing." Five tracks feature the entrepreneur of the date, Fat Cat McRee, in a beery, American Legion Hall baritone that should make your Uncle George demand an album for his very own.

And finally, a bonus for insiders: a characteristically exquisite guitar solo by Steve Jordan on "Memphis Blues." Jordan is the great unsung master of his instrument. He alone makes a visit to Blues Alley mandatory. They give him only one set a night as a soloist. He sings a batch of pops from the Thirties in the easy rhythmic style of a musician, accompanying himself on unamplified guitar and soloing the way the great George Van Eps *used* to, with fat chords and quietly dazzling ideas. Otherwise, he spends the night playing unobtrusive



rhythm guitar with the same crisp lift that gave distinction to the wonderful Will Bradley rhythm section back in 1940. Won't somebody give this quiet master an album to himself?

WRITING ABOUT Wild Bill Davison leads ineluctably to my other favorite trumpeter, Yank Lawson. He's now sparking the group that bills itself, accurately, as the World's Greatest Jazz Band. Barely three years old, WGJB was put together by Dick Gibson, a fortyish multimillionaire who, having made it with Water Pik, decided to take his winnings and act out the fantasy of every jazz fan by buying himself a band.

Gibson bought the best, a junior version of the old Bob Crosby band. Actually, only three of the nine players served with Crosby: Lawson, trumpeter Billy Butterfield and bassist-arranger Bob Haggart. But Lawson and Haggart set the tone, and most of the other men *might* have played with Crosby: ex-Goodman trombonist Lou McGarity (since departed), ex-Condon pianist Ralph Sutton, veteran Chicago tenor saxist Bud Freeman, and clarinetist-soprano saxist Bob Wilber, former pupil of Sidney Bechet's and the baby of the band at forty-two. Only drummer Gus Johnson Jr. (ex-Basie) and trombonist Carl Fontana (ex-Herman, and since replaced by Basie veteran Vic Dickenson) might as modernists seem anomalous in a dixie crew, though in fact both work in flawlessly.

Note the instrumentation. Six horns are too thin for a big band yet they'd get in each other's way in a dixieland group, right? Wrong. Amazingly, the old pros get a big-band sound *and* move with the looseness of a small group. They're a revelation.

WGJB has given us two albums so far on Project 3 Stereo, *Extra!* (PR-5039SD) and *The World's Greatest Jazzband* (PR5033SD). You must have both.

FOR EVANGELICAL REASONS, Gibson insists that the band mix rock tunes with standards. He wants to get the kids into jazz—surely a blameless enterprise. But it fails. The old pros are unable to stoop to conquer. What happens, instead, is that they invest songs like "Mrs. Robinson" and "59th Street Bridge" with a dignity they don't deserve—but (or because) what comes out isn't rock. And lest you think this is just the grump of an unreconstructed moldy fig, let me cite my own teen-agers and my one preteener. The six of them are more or less corrupted by rock. When these albums came in, I thought, aha, I'll seduce the offspring with all these Now songs.

Well, sir, they dug. But here's a switch. *They dug the dixieland.* I don't recall whether I laughed or cried, but if I cried they were tears of joy.

Curiously, only one of the standouts is straight dixieland, a shouting version of Jellyroll Morton's "Wolverine Blues." More than five minutes is given to a lusty, *heavy* "Savoy Blues," and though I may be spouting heresy, this version overpowers Louis Armstrong's classic treatment on the 1927 Hot Five record. Prettiest track is Billy Butterfield's lyrical flight on "This Is All I Ask," recalling his work on Bob Crosby's "What's

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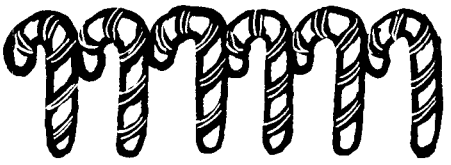
New?" and Artie Shaw's "Stardust." The tune is so lovely that I was ready to modify my judgment that they don't write them like that anymore, until I checked. The composer, it turns out, is Gordon Jenkins—the great Isham Jones arranger who wrote Benny Goodman's haunting signoff theme, "Goodbye," back in 1935. *Exceptio probat regulam.*

THE HIGHLIGHT of both albums is an imaginative four-minute romp through "Limehouse Blues," with McGarity and Fontana trading chase choruses (Fontana wins; the band will miss him) and Lawson riding it out with an all-male drive that simply has to be called Homeric.

Incidentally, the same albums are out on tape cartridges (PR8T-5039 and PR8T-5033), in case your car is so equipped. Jam your way through the next traffic jam.



Pretty much the same band turns up on two recent albums from Monmouth-Evergreen. Guided by former Claude Thornhill arranger Bill Borden, this label has no peer in mining the resources of jazz and popular music from the golden age. *Bob Crosby Live at the Rainbow Grill* (MES 6815) is just that, a Bobcats revival from the memorable 1966 date at Manhattan's most nostalgic dining spot. The album dusts off three songs that deserve it, Louis Armstrong's "Some Day," Fats Waller's "Keepin' out of Mischief Now" and Eddie Miller's "Lazy Mood" (which you'll recall as "Slow Mood" if you caught the Crosby crew in its 1938 days of glory). Miller, as this track shows, is still the possessor of the kindest tone ever coaxed out of a tenor sax, and his ideas are even more inventive today. With Lawson, he shares honors on this fine album, notably on the six-minute "Oh, Baby."

Less successful is *The Music of Hoagy Carmichael* (MES 6917), and I'm hard-pressed to say why. The tunes are good to great, the musicians the same, and Maxine Sullivan, the "Loch Lomond" girl, is singing better than ever. Maybe it's Bob Wilber's arranging—a little stiff, a little too predictable. Still, the album is worth anybody's few bucks.

So they still play jazz. The way the Silent Majority likes it. ☐

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE DREAM KING: *Ludwig II of Bavaria, by Wilfrid Blunt (Viking Press, 264 pp., $14.95).* Every dynasty can claim at least one crackpot. In its seven-century rule of Bavaria, the Wittelsbach line produced several. Ludwig II, Wagner's youthful patron, and the builder of Neuschwanstein, the Linderhof and a galaxy of other architectural oddities, was indisputably the strangest of them all. Perhaps a better title for Mr. Blunt's beautifully illustrated but indifferently written sympathetic biography would have been *The Kitsch King*, for if Ludwig's private life was anything but Victorian, his taste for costly white elephants (some beautiful, some absurd and some both), was in keeping with the times. The author is concerned mainly with Ludwig's personal and aesthetic sides, not with the pivotal though involuntary role he played in German history. Still it is worth remembering that Ludwig's neglect of Bavarian diplomacy and military strength was one of the keys to Prussia's victory over Austria in 1866, and the subsequent northern/militarist cast of the new German Empire. Indeed, it was the incongruous figure of Ludwig, the dreamy Boy King gone to seed, that nominated the Hohenzollerns to the imperial throne a few years later, stage-managed by Bismarck, naturally. Ludwig—neurotic, inverted and struggling between a sincere piety and his sexual aberration—became more and more of an eccentric recluse. Shutting himself off from subjects and counselors, he indulged his wild imagination in the various palaces, lodges, theaters and grottos, that were literal extensions of his strange fantasy life. If he wasn't actually insane when they came to take him away in 1886, he had certainly ceased to function as a monarch. Deposed, his dream world collapsed, and within two days he had died under mysterious circumstances, probably suicide. A. BAKSHIAN JR.

BUCHER: MY STORY, *by Commander Lloyd M. Bucher with Mark Rascovich (Doubleday, 447 pp., $7.95).* Awkward, like all told-to books—a mix of one man's clichés and another's rhetoric. And because so much documentation is still classified, we learn little new about events leading up to the *Pueblo*'s surrender. But all this becomes unimportant when, in the last half of the book, Bucher describes his imprisonment. His North Korean captors are subhuman puppets who delight equally in torturing men and animals. Bucher endured physical and psychological terror that would probably kill most of us and at the very least break us in a way Bucher never quite breaks. The Naval Court of Inquiry reprimanded him for failing to fight back and for surrendering. But he was under heavy bombardment and, except for a pair of obsolete machine guns, had nothing to fight back with. The only alternative: steam toward open sea and be blown out of the water, thereby insuring the death of 83 men. Bucher's great mistake, of course, was to rely on Washington for aid. But the good old State Department would have none of that, and so Bucher and his crew were subjected to months of dehumanizing torture with no sign whatsoever that their country cared. Bucher ended as a scapegoat for high-command timidity, and one can only salute him for coming through as well as he did. Clearly, the Code of Conduct for prisoners must be scuttled if the *Pueblo* is indicative of our future stance during such incidents.

J. R. COYNE JR.

FROM NOWHERE TO SOMEWHERE, *by Jos. Harold Wiley, Kenneth Jeffries and Charles T. Brooker (Chilton, 132 pp., $6.50).* Three black Americans of very different backgrounds (rural South, small-town North and Northern city ghetto) tell their stories of securing, despite adversity, humiliations and desperate obstacles, the traditional rewards and satisfactions of the middle-class life that intellectual and emotional activists sneer at, but decent folk, black and white, respect. All three refuse to judge white people, South or North, collectively. To thousands of white Americans, black Americans are "strange," i.e., unfamiliar, unknown and therefore, by immemorial logic, to be dreaded, feared, combatted. But these black men speak in the familiar accents of the ordinary concerns—and aspirations—of all Americans, and they anticipate ever fuller lives for their children. Communication, they aver, breaks down barriers (they cite the shared experience of Army service). True. And these particular communications also stand witness to the resiliency of the human spirit, which is neither black nor white.

E. MERRITT

AMERICAN PLACE-NAMES, *by George R. Stewart (Oxford, 592 pp., $12.50).* This book, subtitled *A Concise and Selective Dictionary for the Continental United States of America*, demonstrates either the inadequacy of American place-name studies, or else at the very least an attempt at conciseness that has gotten badly out of hand. Mr. Stewart is a dedicated student and has certainly read most of the relevant literature (not all: I notice a few significant omissions in the bibliography). When, to take an example not quite at random, the best he can do with Hackensack, N.J., is to put down "from the name of an Indian village and tribe" and let it go at that, it is to be doubted that the reader's knowledge has been significantly increased: One wonders, indeed, why make the entry at all? In general, Mr. Stewart reflects the adequacy of published works in the field—no shame in that, certainly, but at the same time, no compelling reason to buy the book. All of which sounds—and is—a trifle ungenerous, since I enjoyed reading (no, browsing) through it. I suspect my disappointment stems, in large part, from the fact that the subject is simply too big for one man's work.

C. S. HORN

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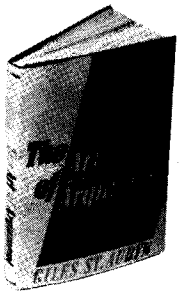

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A MESSAGE FOR DADDIES

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We can save 1 out of 2 persons when cancer is caught in time, caught early. That's a good thing to know. All Daddies should know how to take care of themselves so that they can have the fun of taking care of their kids. Don't be afraid. It's what you don't know that can hurt you.

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Lewis B. Wright:
Review of *Napoleon.*

An English banker once facetiously observed that if Napoleon had succeeded in conquering England in 1803 as he dreamed of doing, he would have imposed the metric system in England, and that would have saved the nation enough in bookkeeping to pay the war debt.

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DELECTATIONS

(Continued from page 1408)

1 large garlic clove, mashed
1 teaspoon ground coriander or dry basil
½ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco or hot pepper sauce
½ teaspoon sugar

Combine all the ingredients in a jar with a lid that fits tight. Refrigerate for 2 hours. Shake well before using. (Note: For a cooked vegetable salad, pour the dressing over the vegetables while they are still hot, so that they can absorb the dressing.

Mother Hazelton's
Tried-and-True Devil's Food

¾ cup Dutch-processed cocoa (no substitutes!)
1¾ cups sugar
4 eggs
½ cup milk
½ cup butter
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon almond extract

Set the oven to moderate, 350° F. Combine the cocoa, ¾ cup of the sugar, 1 egg yolk (reserve the white) and the milk. Cook over very low heat or in the top of a double boiler over hot (not boiling) water until the mixture is thick. Stir constantly. Cool. Cream the butter until it is very soft. Gradually beat in the remaining cup of sugar, beating well after each addition. Beat in 1 whole egg and 2 egg yolks, adding the whites to the first white and reserving them. Blend thoroughly. Sift the flour with the baking powder, baking soda and salt. Add the flour and the sour cream alternately to the butter mixture, beginning and ending with flour. Beat in the cocoa mixture and the vanilla and almond extracts. Beat the 3 egg whites until stiff enough to stand in a peak but still glossy. Grease 3 8-inch layer pans and line them with waxed paper. Grease the waxed paper. Spoon the batter into the pans. Bake for about 30 minutes or until a toothpick, a skewer or a cake tester inserted in the middle comes out clean. Do not overbake, the cake should be moist. Cool and peel off waxed paper. Store the layers separately until serving time, or freeze them. Frost any desired way, or spread layers with pureed apricot jam or red currant jelly, and top and sides with sweetened whipped cream. □

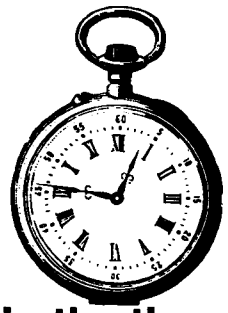
JAFFA

(Continued from page 1403)

not perceive, as I think no wise man has perceived, how it could be at *once* eradicated, without producing a greater evil, even to the cause of human liberty itself." Lincoln always believed that emancipation should be gradual, that it should be voluntary on the part of the states adopting it; and that compensation should be provided owners. But above all he held that it should be confined to the states where it already existed; and this in fact was the only antislavery policy agreed to by all Republicans in 1860.

The Southern radicals, who in fact had more in common with John Brown than either did with the essentially moderate opinions of the great majority of Republicans, declared on the contrary that slavery must follow the flag. The Federal Government, they said, had no power over slavery in the territories, except the power, coupled with the duty, to protect it. Southerners, they said, had the same right to carry slaves to Nebraska that Northerners had to carry hogs there. They could see no difference between blacks and hogs, both being essentially chattels. In the Confederate constitution of 1861 slavery is guaranteed in all territory owned, or to be owned, by the Confederate government. As Alexander Stephens declared in his famous "cornerstone" speech, slavery was the cornerstone of the Confederacy. It had no other reason for being.

The Confederates, then, were the radicals of 1860-1861, for they had broken radically with the faith in human equality and human freedom upon which the nation was founded. They were in part victims of a specious intellectual sophistication then current, which asserted that scientific progress had rendered obsolete the concept of natural law dominant in Jefferson's time. The new dispensation revealed the inequality of the races, and justified the permanent subordination of the black to the white race. The Southern Confederacy was in fact based upon an early version of doctrines that came to their full growth in the Third Reich. It is the grimmest of ironies that some of the descendants of the victims of the racism of that earlier era should now declare their dignity, and their claim to consideration, not on the basis of virtue or intelligence, or even of simple humanity, but of race. □



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Dick Gregory on Campus

On The Right

New York, Dec. 18—It is sad to see Dick Gregory, the comedian turned evangelist, signing (along with Ossie Davis) a money-raising letter in behalf of the Black Panthers, so I was glad of the opportunity (recently, at the University of Bridgeport) to discover what are his views on the Panthers, and for that matter on things in general, several years having gone by since I first came across him.

My attitude toward him may be colored by his having on one occasion leaned over and whispered to me that he had advised his wife and friends that I was a "beautiful cat." I have aspired to many things, but was never so ambitious as to dream that I would be called that by Dick Gregory. In turn I told him how moving I had found his book, an autobiography titled—unfortunately, I think—*Nigger*. And so we have proceeded to listen to one another: and what I hear is in one sense disheartening, in another sense not.

Mr. Gregory is a force in America. Particularly on the college campuses, where he comes on very strong, very strong indeed. He has spoken at three hundred campuses during the last ten months, and is beginning now a tour of Canada, where he likes to begin by complimenting the audiences, which are so eager to think ill of America, on how well they treat their own Negroes. Big applause. Then he says: "All twelve of them." Gregory, as I say, is a professional comedian with a comedian's sense of timing, and although he nowadays does only one or two nightclub appearances per year, he keeps in shape, he tells me, by working up a good roll (as they say in vaudeville) for the first fifteen minutes of his speeches. The jokes are highly political jokes, and tendentious, like the ones that made Mort Sahl famous. There are (generally speaking) three classes of enemies. The Southerner, the rich man and the bureaucrat. It is Mr. Gregory's contention that America is run for the benefit of the rich man, an interesting point and, if so, a larger chapter in the history of masochism, inasmuch as the very rich are taxed at the rate of 77 cents on the dollar.

On the matter of the Black Panthers, Mr. Gregory was very serious. What he said was that the Black Panthers had come along, even as at different times in recent American history other groups had come along, beginning with the NAACP, on through CORE and SNCC. That the Black Panthers gave special solace to a large number of Negroes who, were if not for the Panthers, would engage in violence. He gave as an example an hysterical woman who called him up insisting that a white policeman was seeking her out, intending to gun her down. Gregory gave her the number of Black Panther headquarters, and the BPs sent over a bodyguard. He stayed with the woman, who after two or three days, quieted down.

I ventured that such a treatment of the Panthers is the current version of the cliché of the Twenties, that after all Mussolini had made the trains run on time: that what is remarkable about the Panthers isn't the *machismo* of their sense of concern for their people, but the poisonous rhetoric with which they seek to infect the interracial dialogue: The racism which Mr. Gregory, in other contexts, deplores.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are Negroes who believe so strongly that America is racist, that they deduce from it the necessity to hate the white race. Mr. Gregory informed the audience that two examples of our racism were 1) our incarceration of the Japanese population during the war, while leaving the Germans alone, and 2) our dropping the atom bomb on Japanese, while refraining from doing it against the Germans.

I pointed out that the Japanese were removed because there was panic over the prospect of Japanese landings, and that after all the same man who superintended the operation, Earl Warren, 25 years later ordered the integration of the schools: that we could hardly have used the atom bomb on Germany, inasmuch as we didn't have one until after the Germans were licked; and that anyway, we had killed five times as many Germans in raids on Dresden as we did Japanese at Hiroshima.

Mr. Gregory smiled and, who knows, listened: And if he reads these words, I wish him to know that they come from a well-wisher who, to be sure, wishes he'd get his facts straight, and give the BPs a wide berth. □

ALTAMONT AND THE WOODSTOCK NATION

New York, Dec. 12—In case you did not know it, the important event of 1969 in the Kidworld was Altamont. Not because it was a spectacular, at which 300,000 young people came together to worship the Rolling Stones. But because someone was killed there.

You see it all in a movie just out, which they choose to call *Gimme Shelter*: which for all I know means something special in Kidspeak, or perhaps it is the title of the Stones' most famous song in A minor. Briefly, the Stones faced the problem, when the estimates came in (it was almost exactly a year ago, on December 6), that the crowds descending on to the Altamont Thruway would rival and perhaps even exceed those that came together earlier in the year at Woodstock, N.Y. Everyone went into a whirl of activity to come up with the essentials for such a gathering. Melvin Belli, the lawyer, seems to have played the role of coordinator. There are bits and pieces of Belli strewn throughout the picture. He talks, and mysterious voices come in from various parts of the world, as the problems are touched upon of how to look after the kids. It isn't shown just where or how come the Stones decided to use the services of Hell's Angels, but use them they did, and before long and see them there, arriving on their motorcycles, bearded (mostly) and beefy, Marlon Brando generation, looking old and jaded, as if they had spent too many years at one of Hitler's torture gardens to take much pleasure out of routine sadism. The juxtaposition of the Angels of Hell with the flower people stays in the memory.

Meanwhile, the Stones themselves have arrived by helicopter, and are shepherded into a trailer, whence from time to time Mick Jagger, who is the Chief Stone, emerges, to vouchsafe an auto-

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graph, chat with the bodyguards or merely to peer out at the scene. Although there are extensive shots of the other Stones, Jagger is as much the center of attention as Bernadette would be in a movie about Lourdes. He is everywhere, and he is fascinating. Primarily he is fascinating because one simply does not know what it is that he does that is fascinating. He does not play a musical instrument. His voice couldn't be better than that of say every fourth person listed in the telephone directory. His features, and indeed those of the other Stones, are as if they were practicing to make it easy for David Levine to draw them: Angular, unanimated, droopy in the philosophical rather than weary sense, homely. He is always heavily costumed, with preposterous paints and shoes, and usually a drape trailing down from each arm. He is in constant motion, and here the movements are electric. He strides all over the stage, his head jostling, hips vibrating, hand-mike up close to his lips, howling away at songs which are apparently already known to everyone in the audience, which is transported with pleasure, while the drums go crazy, and the guitars feed out their dissonances as if in search of the oriental mode. That's all; and to have one final look at him at the end of his American tour is what Altamont was all about.

So the Angels were hired to keep order. Their principal instruments of discipline were billiard cues, with which they whacked to the right of them, whacked to the left of them, attempting to keep the kids away from the hastily constructed stage that had been set up in the middle of Farmer Brown's spread, just out from San Francisco. It was mostly unavailing. The kids slurped up over the human barbed wire, and it transpires in the consciousness that they are, at least a great many of them, stoned on drugs. I do not happen to know whether LSD, or speed, or any of the other petals of Kidculture, actually neutralizes, or dulls, sensations of pain. But on the whole, the kids seemed to be unaware, or at least insensible to what was being done to them. Two or three times, Mick was forced to stop the proceedings and plead with the audience to maintain a little order. "People!" he calls out. "People! Look, cool it! Come on now! Stop ------- this thing up. Otherwise we can't play. We won't play." And at one point a dire threat. "We're going to split. Unless you cool it we're going to split." And then yet another shot of a scuffle. Only this one has an air of finality to it, and, viewing the rushes back in London, Jagger orders the director to run it back in slow motion. Because this was the scene in which one of the guardians of the stage, addressing a tall, slim, hopped-up Negro, brings down a knife, twice, into his back, and kicks him when he is down, and the Negro is dead, the Stones play on for a few minutes, and then they crowd like sardines into the helicopter, and fly out of the lonely crowd, leaving behind them the corpse of Woodstock Nation. □

THE COAST GUARD EXPLAINS

New York, Dec. 5 — What happened, off the coast of Martha's Vineyard two weeks ago, was a kind of official re-enactment of the Kitty Genovese case. It is as bad as if Kitty's cries—uttered within earshot of forty or fifty apartment house dwellers not one of whom bothered to call the police, let alone go to help her resist the assailant who slowly, deliberately, stabbed her to death—as bad as if her cries had been uttered within earshot of as many policemen, who neglected to go to her help. In the waters off Martha's Vineyard, the commander of the Coast Guard cutter wasn't paralyzed for a minute or two, as any young man might be by the landing on one's own ship of a Soviet juggernaut. The commanding officer sat there for *three* hours during which agents of the Soviet Union replayed in miniature the famous Operation Keelhaul in which, in the months immediately after the surrender of Nazi Germany, the Soviet army applied itself to shipping back to Russia the hundreds of thousands of refugees who had fled during the war, so that Stalin could give himself the pleasure of torturing and killing them.

The explanations continue to come in, and at this writing each one of them makes the Coast Guard look worse. Admiral Bender may be covering for somebody, which is to say one hopes that, driven to search for an explanation of the Coast Guard's behavior, the Admiral simply had to make up a story and, lacking the talents of, say, the late Rube Goldberg, failed to come up with anything better than he did.

For instance? Well, says the Admiral, you see, the Russians insisted that the defector, Simas, had stolen $2,000 from the ship's cash fund. No doubt they did say that. The question is why the Coast Guard believed it. Would the Coast Guard have believed the Russians if they had said that it had just then been established that Simas was the guy who killed Kirov? What proof did the Coast Guard demand to see, before believing that poor Simas was a common thief, rather than someone who sought political asylum?

And then the Admiral went on to say something so mystifying as to attain to absolute inscrutability. You see, he said, Simas greatly prejudiced his case because instead of leaping from the Soviet cutter into the water (as Simas had whispered he was going to do), whence the U.S. Coast Guard would have plucked him out, Simas leaped from the Soviet boat directly to the American boat, missing the water altogether. Get it? I reasoned that there must be some meaning to this, that perhaps the Geneva Convention has a clause in it assigning to water some sacramental property which transubstantiates a common refugee into a legitimate claimant to political asylum? So I called on the greatest lawyer in the world and asked him, and he simply shook his head in dumb amazement. The only relevance I can think of to the Water Version is that maybe the Admiral figures that the reason Simas didn't throw himself into the water is that he didn't want to wet those $2,000 he had stolen from the ship's strongbox: And therefore, he must have been a common criminal after all.

There has been no explanation, in any report I have seen, of the Coast Guard's behavior in simply sitting still while Simas was twice beaten bloody, and finally unconscious. Indeed, there is only one reassuring note: And that is the universal outrage of the American people and the press, which (by the way, why did it take so long?) brought the story out and into the open. And reassuring that the United States Information Agency, through the Voice of America, has advised the world that America is in mourning over the catastrophic error. One doesn't yet know who was responsible, but here's hoping that after he is identified and faces the consequences, he will be moved to jump into the water, hail the nearest Russian fishing boat, and ask for asylum. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. He wrote the music for a famous hymn; Mohr wrote the words — 7 33 128 174 8 161

B. A school of oratory, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence, founded by Hadrian — 106 40 50 12 125 177 139 155 94

C. A copy of a song containing the melody line — 115 152 201 109 30 96 168 197 178

D. An English miscellaneous writer (1751-1824) — 138 34 25 144 55

E. Particles — 154 170 56 193 182

F. A range on the boundary between England and Scotland — 169 32 43 111 188 11 52 72 89 145 196 4

G. Where the famous hymn (WORD A) was first played — 208 62 97 58 15 126 175 46 160

H. One of Dickens' Christmas stories — 194 42 148 66 200 98 184 205 156

I. The town of WORD A — 2 5 9 26 203 63 74 36

J. Where St. Augustine landed in 596; also called Cliff's End — 204 207 53 100 150 171 73 192 59

K. Church of _____ where the famous hymn was first played — 13 124 179 189 1 6 17 134 149 47 132

L. A town in Northumberland — 41 44 57 65 70 86 93 113 129 165

M. One of the occupations of WORD A — 67 176 151 157 206 101 198 64

N. The oleander (obsolete) — 99 37 79 108 116 123 146 103 142 181 185

O. A republic in Southwest Arabia — 130 3 16 29 88

P. Part of the Limfjorden region, Denmark — 112 127 133 75 199 35 210 140

Q. A town in Franklin County, New York — 120 172 38 183 159 84 21 27 191

R. A decisive confrontation — 167 195 180 91 202 85 49 22

S. Huge — 14 28 102 87 136 23 143

T. A town in Jennings County, Indiana — 18 24 117 105 78 83

U. A symbol — 54 147 76 19 118 163

V. A part of the United States that includes East and West — 90 119 209 80 92

W. Hermes' Egyptian opposite number — 141 187 166 95 81

X. Profited — 158 77 114 186 82 48

Y. A town in Lyon County, Iowa — 61 107 164 122 162 137

Z. Instrument used to play WORD A's hymn — 190 39 20 71 173 60

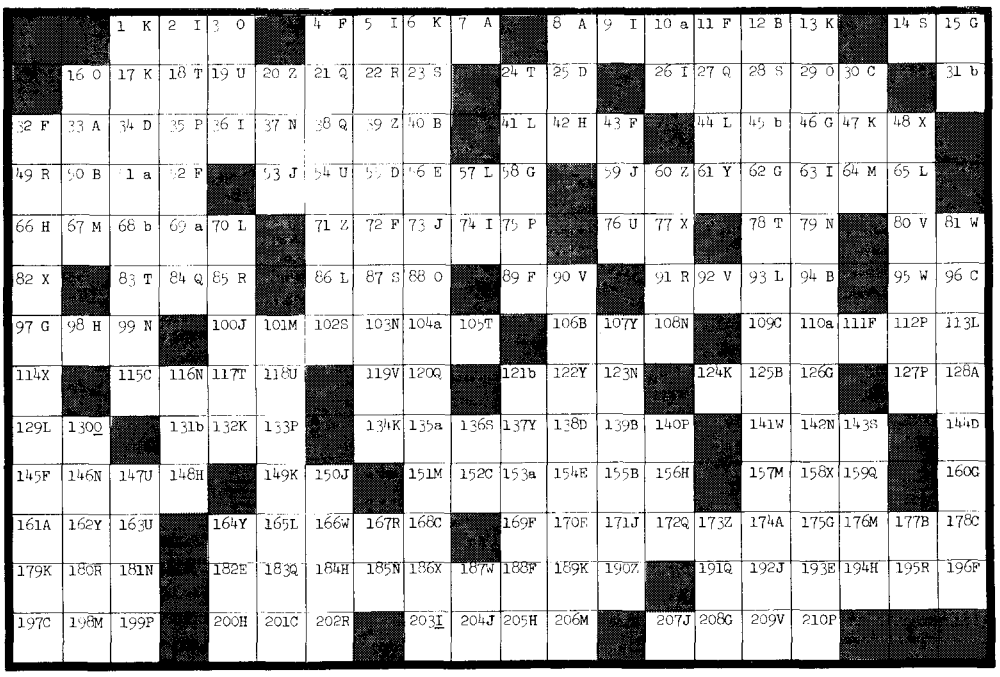
a. Town where WORD A later directed the choir and furnished music — 10 51 69 104 110 135 153

b. Difficult to perform — 31 45 68 121 131

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1418 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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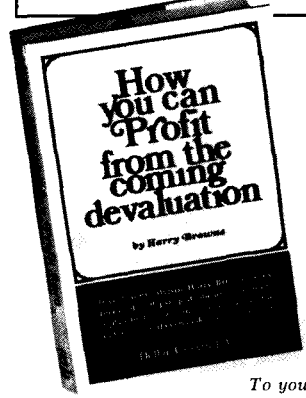

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THE INVESTMENT PROGRAM — BASED UPON AMOUNT OF ASSETS

Item	Amount of Money to be Used					
	$5,000	$10,000	$20,000	$50,000	$100,000	$1,000,000
Cash in dollars						
Swiss francs						
Silver coins						
Silver bullion						
Gold stocks						
Retreat						
Other investments						

How much money would you allot to each investment? Write in your figures, then check with Harry Browne's advice on page 169 of HOW YOU CAN PROFIT FROM THE COMING DEVALUATION.

Investment	Inflation	Recession	Depression	Runaway Inflation	Devaluation
Bonds					
Cash, savings accounts					
Commodities					
Diamonds, etc.					
Gold bullion					
Gold coins					
Gold stocks					
Life insurance					
Mortgages					
Real estate, income					
Real estate, land					
Real estate, residential					
Retirement plans					
Short selling					
Silver bullion					
Silver coins					
Silver stocks					
Stocks, mutual funds					
Swiss francs					

What do you think of the chances for each investment during the 5 economic crises? Write in your answers, then check page 146 of How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation. Browne evaluates each one, grades it from "Very good" to "Worthless" and tells exactly why.

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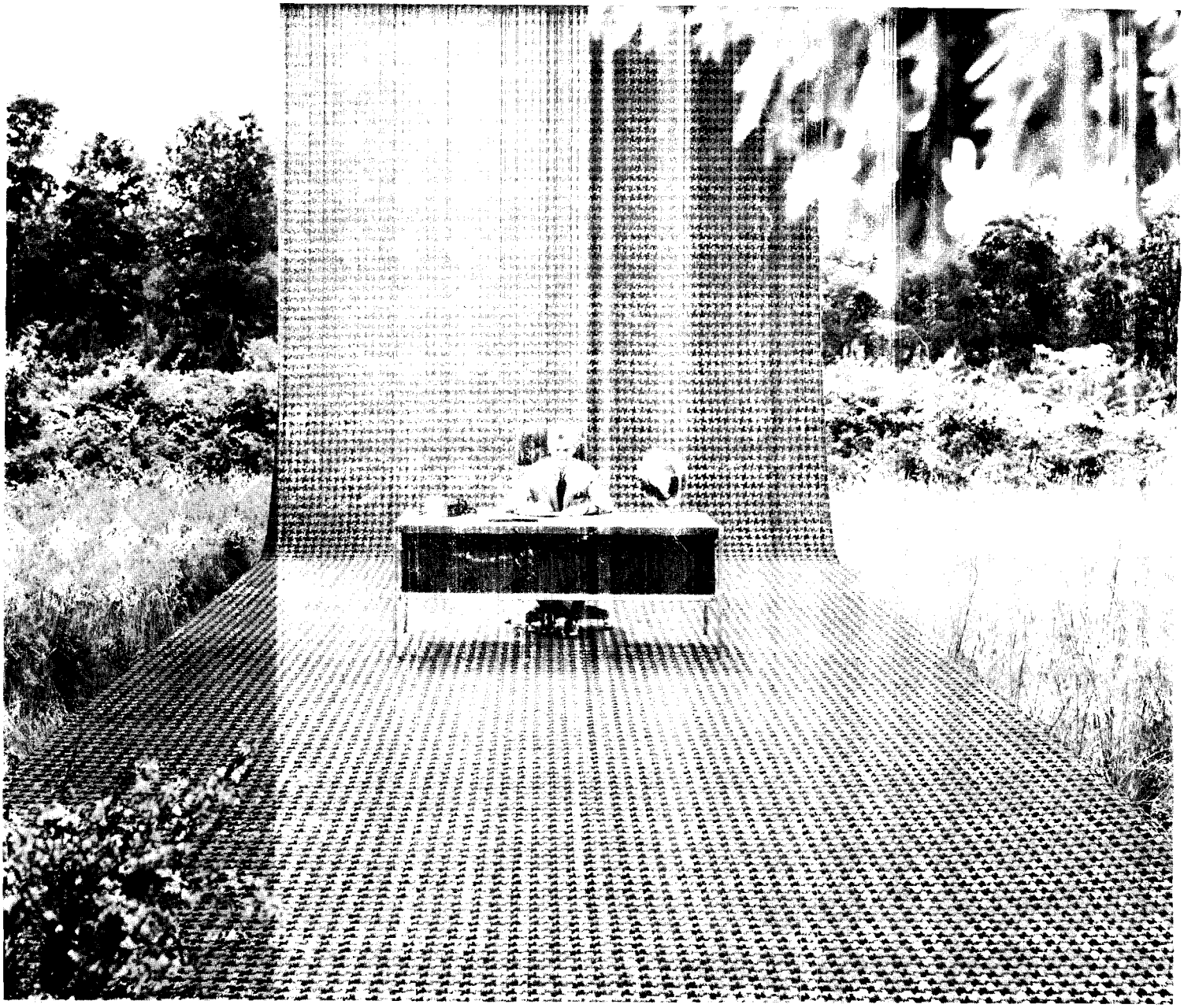

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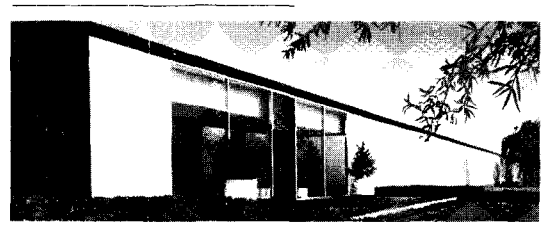

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